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Battle for the Soul of America

THE case of Owen Lattimore is no longer a fantastic example of political persecution; the Administration has converted it into an attack on the independence of the judiciary. By demanding that Judge Youngdahl disqualify himself on the grounds that he has "a fixed personal bias" in favour of Professor Lattimore, the Department of Justice is striking at the rule of law. It seems bent on convicting Mr. Lattimore at any price, and happy to satisfy the China Lobby's clamour for vengeance. In order to provide an issue for hard-pressed Republican candidates at next week's election, the U.S. Government is ready to make the Federal Courts the tool of unscrupulous politicians and thus destroy the ultimate safeguard of constitutional rights, which the "separation of powers" was designed to defend.

Judge Youngdahl is well aware of the implications of this threat to a tradition that Americans understand and cherish. Nothing else could account for his scathing reply to the impertinent Mr. Leo Rover. The "scandalous" demand that he disqualify himself, he said, was "based on the virulent notion" that a Judge who honours "the sacred constitutional presumption that a man is innocent until his guilt is established" is unable to conduct "a fair and impartial trial." The Judge did not need to show where such logic leads; our world is too familiar with States in which the judges are the allies or agents of the State Prosecutor, and hold their posts because they can be relied on to reach the right verdict in political trials.

There can be no excuse for the Attorney-General. Judge Youngdahl threw out most of the first indictment of Mr. Lattimore because he found the charge of "promoting Communist interests" too vague to sustain an accusation of perjury. Eight out of nine members of the Court of Appeal upheld his ruling on the main count, and the Department of Justice did not take the risk of asking for a further decision from the Supreme Court. On the contrary, it waited until the election campaign was under way, and until it could scrape up some fresh snippets of alleged "evidence," before presenting a new indictment. Then, in seeking to have the case heard before another Judge, it did not try to establish that the Judge and the Appeals Court had been wrong in their ruling, but only that Judge Youngdahl's "bent of mind" showed that he was biased in favour of the defendant. It is a long time since such malevolent nonsense has been heard from the prosecution in the courts of a democracy.

The explanation of this move is that Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General—and the influential Republicans who have pressed the case—are no longer able to distinguish between a court of law and the kangaroo courts of Senators McCarthy and McCarran. These quasi-judicial "hearings," in which the rules of evidence are disregarded and the defendant denied the right of cross-examination because he is technically a "witness," and from which there is no appeal, have corrupted those who have used them. Unable to destroy Mr. Lattimore in the ordeal of two different Senate inquiries, they have now carried their vendetta into the courts with the same cavalier disregard for due process and for facts that marked the previous stages of this persecution.

That is why Judge Youngdahl's courageous refusal to be intimidated has an importance that transcends the personal fate of Mr. Lattimore. This is the most important battle waged in this period in defence of fundamental American liberties. If the Administration wins, it will win at the price of destroying the soul of American democracy.

Republicans on the Defensive

The tide in the mid-term elections has been running so strongly against the Republicans that the President has been persuaded, against precedent and his own inclinations, to throw his weight behind the flagging party machine. The stunt television programme on Monday, when for the first time a Cabinet meeting was staged like a soap-opera, is a measure of Republican desperation; the prestige of the President and of Mr. Dulles has to be risked—for defeat in a campaign in which they are now involved would be very damaging—to secure the election of a Republican Congress dominated by men who dislike the Administration's policies.

The risk of defeat is real. Not since 1914 has a party gone into a mid-term election with so narrow a majority in Congress, and mid-term losses are normal. To this the Democrats can add local issues which are important in key States—unemployment, discontent with farm policy, the opposition of the Administration to publicly owned electricity schemes in power-hungry Oregon and to water-conservation in the dry mountain States. In the Middle West, particularly, the Republicans have made the most of their "peace" record, have tried to label the Democrats as the "war party," and, all else failing, are once again raking over the Truman record for scandals—"Korea, Communism and Corruption." McCarthy himself has been kept off-stage; but Adlai Stevenson has charged that this campaign of Mr. Nixon's is "McCarthyism in a white collar."

This has not been an exciting election so far, partly because there is no sharp issue between the parties on foreign affairs—a Democratic victory is unlikely to lead to any sharp reorientation of policy—and partly because the Republicans have sought to take refuge behind the President, who retains his national popularity by taking no clear position on any issue. It will be remarkable if the Democrats fail to win a substantial majority in the House, and the control of the Senate seems within their grasp.

Postscript to Paris

M. Mendès-France is an ingenious statesman. Having evidently recognised that, without disrupting the Western Alliance, he could not secure in the Paris talks any substantial improvement in the "safeguards" (such as they are) which had been accepted in principle by the London Conference, he is now playing what he hopes will be the trump card of Franco-German *rapprochement*. Broadening the basis of his Government by offering Ministerial posts to six Socialists, he is giving his "Europeans" compensation for the loss of E.D.C. by an economic agreement with Bonn into which the Saar settlement is presumably to fit. That is, the new Saar Statute will effectively detach the Saarland from Germany—the Customs and monetary union with France being retained—but economic relations between Germany and the Saar under its "European" Commissioner are to be fostered as part of a general liberalisation of trade between Germany and France, based on "close co-operation" between the two countries. The full implications of this policy are difficult at the moment to appreciate. M. Mendès-France, however, can doubtless persuade the Assembly that he has struck a good bargain as far as the Saar is concerned; indeed, beyond the Rhine lamentations are loud.

Counter-offensive in the Docks

The counter-offensive against the striking dockers began in earnest on Wednesday, when it was clear that even those strikers who were ready to return to work were unwilling to cross the picket-lines which had been posted on Monday to maintain solidarity. First, the General Council of the T.U.C. unanimously decided to suspend the rebellious Stevedores Union, and to recommend its expulsion when Congress meets next year. This penalty has been imposed, not for its part in the present dispute, but for violation of the Bridlington Agreement by "poaching" members from Mr. Deakin in Birkenhead and Hull. This decision, no doubt, may shake the resolution of strikers who are already wavering, and make them less ready to go on following Mr. Barrett's lead.

The Interim Report of the Court of Inquiry, published on Wednesday afternoon, is more directly relevant, for it rules that the N.A.S.D. is in breach of the Conciliation Agreement and is infringing a provision of the Dock Scheme by imposing a ban on overtime working. The port employers, it follows, were justified in refusing to use the Conciliation machinery to discuss the overtime issue "or other matters of general policy", since the N.A.S.D. had itself disregarded this machinery. On the point at issue, the Interim Report is less clear. After pointing out that "the nature and extent of the obligation" to work overtime "have never been precisely defined", the Report admits that "large numbers of men are now sincerely and strongly persuaded" that overtime is "compulsory", unfair and "wrong in principle". The Court's own view is that the "obligation" to work overtime exists for a docker "only if and to the extent that it is reasonable for him to do so having regard to all the circumstances of his case". This question-begging formula suggests two conclusions. First, that the dockers have a genuine case, though it has been technically jeopardised by the aggressive tactics of the N.A.S.D. Secondly, that it is time a clause which has proved so contentious was "precisely defined". Mr. Deakin's talk about "collective agreement" and his insistence that "in principle" overtime is "voluntary" do not disguise the failure of his union to clear up this matter before it led to the present unhappy mess.

Crisis in Pakistan

By dissolving the Constituent Assembly and the Cabinet, Governor-General Ghulam Mohammad has postponed, if not prevented, the adoption in Pakistan of a Constitution which would have robbed him of his present dictatorial powers. For the Assembly was due to meet this week to consider the Draft Constitution, and one of the clauses, already agreed to last September, would have made the Cabinet directly responsible to a Federal legislature. The Sevenman Cabinet, with Mohammad Ali as Prime Minister, which the Governor-General has chosen, presumably agrees with his power to make and break Governments. Unless and until there is an elected Assembly—the present one was returned by the General Election eight years ago, when India was undivided—Pakistan politics are likely to be based on personalities and intrigues. The unreality of the situation was demonstrated in East Pakistan last March when the Muslim League, corrupted by nepotism and irresponsibility, was practically annihilated: ten of their candidates were returned, as against 309 of the United Front. This week the Muslim League Convention is due to meet in Karachi, and one of its Resolutions is to appoint a high-powered Committee to discuss its failure in East Pakistan, and how to appeal to the electorate. But will the Constituent Assembly, after the Governor-General's manœuvre, go ahead with the Draft Constitution and risk asking for the mandate of the people? And what Opposition, or groups will be allowed? Beyond this internal issue is that of foreign policy. Mr. Mohammad Ali has been increasingly willing to accept military aid from the U.S., but it is doubtful whether he can steer Pakistan into Seato.

Moscow and Belgrade

In recent months there has been a striking improvement in relations between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. The new Soviet attitude—perhaps, because the contrast is so sharp, the most remarkable expression of the "co-existence" policy—has completely discarded the bitter denunciations which followed the 1948 break. Last week, for instance, there was a joint ceremony at the dedication of the cemetery for the Yugoslav and Soviet troops who died in the liberation of Belgrade ten years ago, and the Russians paid tribute to the heroism of the partisans; in recent years, one of the most acrimonious features of the Soviet-Yugoslav dispute has been the Russian taunt that the role of the partisans had been "vaingloriously exaggerated." Commenting on this ceremony, *Pravda* wrote that "it strengthens once more the brotherhood of the peoples of Yugoslavia and the peoples of the Soviet Union." This event came at the end of a period in which formal diplomatic relations have been resumed, a trade agreement signed, and in which the anti-Tito émigré organisations have been disbanded as part of the "normalisation" of relations with Yugoslavia's Cominform neighbours. Moscow's unexpected approval of the Trieste settlement can also be considered as a friendly gesture towards Belgrade. Marshal Tito, in his speech this week to the National Assembly has welcomed these Soviet actions as genuine. Whatever their long-term intention, they certainly strengthen the Marshal's hand in dealing with the West.

Rhodesian Dilemma

The Forster Report on African advancement in the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia says nothing new. It has been established for many years that there is a tremendous gap between European and African wages—the report quotes a monthly *average* of nearly £100 for Europeans and a *maximum* of £19 for Africans. It was equally obvious that the White union's in-

sistence on "equal pay for equal work" was simply their barrier against any African advance into skilled jobs. What the Report does show is the desperation of the copper companies to modernise their labour organisation. If the South Africans prefer *Apartheid* to economic development, the controllers of Northern Rhodesian copper mines do not. They have offered to guarantee the White miners their rates of pay and jobs for the rest of their working life if they will drop opposition to African advance. The White union is now faced with the choice of accepting this offer and allowing certain jobs to be broken up so that Africans may advance slowly into skilled work, or provoking industrial war. If the companies are forced to break their agreements preserving the White monopoly in skill, the economy of the country and of the sterling area may be dislocated, while copper and uranium profits may temporarily disappear; but the Europeans may equally be driven out of the industry. The colour bar hardly exists across the frontier, in the Belgian Congo.

PARIS

Danger: Gravediggers at Work

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week was yet another of those exhausting comic-strip adventures which M. Mendès-France has made an indispensable feature of international diplomacy. Everything came out right in the end, but there were some very nasty moments. The villains were hard at work; muffled by the sound of the limousines trundling weary statesmen from the Palais de Chaillot to the Quai d'Orsay, to the British Embassy and back again, was the noise of feverish digging, as the hard core of the "Europeans" tried desperately to disinter the corpse of E.D.C. The M.R.P. were strongly represented in the delegations (which included Mr. David Bruce and M. François-Poncet, an old crony of M. Bidault's and a one-time leader-writer for the *Figaro*), and they also kept in close touch with Dr. Adenauer. Naturally, the Saar, as the weakest link in the chain of agreements, was chosen as the target (it had, in any case, bitter memories for MM. Bidault and Teitgen, since in a year of almost uninterrupted negotiations they failed to secure anything approaching an agreement). So Dr. Adenauer was urged to hold out for big concessions—which would, of course, be unacceptable to the Assembly—or alternatively to exchange a Saar agreement for an additional protocol proclaiming the intention of the Brussels Powers, minus Britain, to create a supra-national Europe.

How much attention Dr. Adenauer paid to this comic-opera strategy is a mystery, but the fact remains that the attitude of the German delegation, which was distinctly conciliatory when the Saar talks began on Tuesday, changed overnight into one of intransigence. The transformation was certainly not due (as the Germans pretended) to the arrival in Paris of delegations from the Opposition parties, since, when it came to the point, the Chancellor blandly ignored their advice. Nor was it due, this time, to American pressure, since Mr. Dulles was simply out to get as many signatures to as many documents in as short a time as possible. In the circumstances, therefore, some of Mendès-France's henchmen (who are admittedly a little suspicious in these matters) were quick to detect the hand of what they call "The M.R.P. International." Ultimately, of course, the manœuvre misfired. Faced with the blunt refusal of M. Mendès-France ("a man of milk and iron," as one of the German delegates remarked) to sign any of the treaties unless the Saar was part of the package, Adenauer gave way gracefully on Saturday morning. Next day, with the corpse of E.D.C. safely underground again, M. Reynaud pronounced a sorrowful epitaph: "Let us not deceive ourselves, this is a heavy setback for the European idea."

To replace "Little Europe," however, the negotiations gave birth to a scheme which may prove to be far-reaching. The plans for Franco-German economic integration which Mendès-France outlined last week are still vague. To quote one example: nobody, as yet, is prepared to take seriously the idea of German industrialists investing in the Sahara. But the prospect of an economic alliance between the two major Powers of Western Europe is already sufficiently disturbing to lead *Franc-Tireur*, a moderate Left-wing daily, to complain last week of "the threatened re-emergence of the pre-war industrial cartels." Certainly, Mendès-France's economic advisers are refreshingly frank in their objects. The scheme, they argue, is part of the new French *Realpolitik*. During the last semester, industrial production has risen at nearly twice the rate in France as in Germany. In the event of an economic alliance, to be developed over the next thirty years, France—with her immense colonial resources—would emerge as the dominant partner. To support their reasoning, they point to the demographic arguments put forward in M. Maurice Lauré's new book *Révolution, Dernière Chance de la France*, which is compulsory reading in Mendès-France's entourage. At the moment, M. Lauré writes, the active working population in France, in proportion to total population, is the lowest in Europe. Hence low French productivity. But by 1980 the post-war rise in the birthrate will have taken effect, France will have re-created its "demographic working capital," and the positions will be reversed. In other words, France is currently passing through a period of compulsory capital investment which will yield heavy dividends in the next quarter-century.

This point of view raises an interesting speculation. Many people oppose "Little Europe" because they regard it as the forerunner of a new Carolingian Empire, administered by Demochristian politicians from the banks of the Rhine. What will their attitude be to a "Little Eurafrica," administered by rationalist economists from Paris?

DUBLIN

The Gun in Politics

Our Dublin Correspondent writes: The I.R.A. raid on the Inniskilling Fusiliers' depot at Omagh came as a pungent expression of dissent from the Republic's official line on Partition, which had been redefined in two important speeches only a few days before. Mr. de Valera told the Annual Conference of Fianna Fail that any attempt to isolate the British forces in the North would be a failure, and harmful, until the majority of the people there wanted to get rid of those forces. Two days later, Mr. Cosgrave, the Minister for External Affairs, said: "I believe that constructive effort on our part, and in particular constructive effort that involves co-operation between the Six Counties and the Twenty-Six Counties—the Erne scheme and the Foyle fisheries and the joint operation of the G.N.R. are examples—I believe that such efforts are a more real contribution towards achieving effective unity than any campaign of violent deeds or violent propaganda could be."

The renewed activity of the I.R.A. is embarrassing. No Government in the Republic is likely to utter unqualified condemnation of the I.R.A.'s forays after guns in the North. Last June, after the raid on Armagh Barracks, many public bodies passed resolutions congratulating the instigators and demanding that the authorities in the South refuse help to the Northern Ireland police, who had good reason to believe that the guns had been removed into the Republic. No charges have yet been made in connection with that affair. The Special Branch of the Republic's Civic Guards has an efficient and sensitive finger on the extremist pulse but is inhibited from passing on what it knows. And there is no Extradition Treaty between the Republic and Northern Ireland.

The *Irish Times* is arguing that the real harm done by I.R.A. belligerence is to the Southern Government, "which inevitably is charged with willingness to condone conduct against the Stormont regime which it would not condone against itself, and with the provision of, at least, negative aid and comfort to the instigators." It is true that I.R.A. spokesmen have said, in effect, that there will not be a campaign of terrorism on the 1939 model. Their declared policy is to husband their strength until they are strong enough in numbers and arms to start a guerilla war in the North. All the same, it is now plain that Mr. Costello spoke too soon when he said a few years ago that he had taken the gun out of Irish politics.

NEW ZEALAND

Election Outlook

A Correspondent in Wellington writes: After the excitement of the Parker-Hulme murder trial, the Report on Juvenile Delinquency and the Rugby season, New Zealanders are giving no more of their attention than they can help to the quietest election campaign most of them can remember. Campaign oratory aside, it is generally taken for granted that the National Party will be comfortably returned on November 13 for another three years. Prime Minister Holland's star has risen steadily since its low point a little more than a year ago, when he brazenly cut subsidies a few days after the Court of Arbitration had granted a 10 per cent. minimum wage increase to compensate for higher prices. Overseas markets are steady, farmers prosperous and business flourishing. There is virtually no unemployment, and competition for labour has forced most industries to pay workers well above award rates. Even the housing situation, a perennial irritant, has improved somewhat. Tax reliefs granted by the "prosperity" Budget last July were welcomed by families in the middle and upper income brackets, and if the working man wasn't particularly relieved, well, "National" wouldn't have had his vote anyway.

As for foreign policy, Mr. Holland is "lying low." Most New Zealanders, lacking the Australians' sense of Manifest Destiny, regard the United States' Pacific Crusade with reservations ranging from loyal disapproval to downright hostility, and there is no doubt that Mr. Attlee's forthright treatment of the Formosa question found a ready response among all sections of the population. Seato has been presented by the Government as a purely "moral" obligation to "consult," etc., and, as such, has been welcomed by Mr. Nash, the Leader of the Opposition.

The Labour Party is thus virtually confined to the Cost of Living issue. The official all-groups price index shows a rise of just over 40 per cent. since the National Government was formed in 1949. Although basic wages have increased by approximately the same percentage, Labour candidates argue that the workers' share in the

country's prosperity has actually declined. It is certainly true that the shoe pinches a bit in the lower income grades, but there is plenty of overtime and many wives relieve the pressure by going out to work. There is marked lack of enthusiasm in the attitude of Labour's rank-and-file towards its leadership. But in the absence of some clear-cut issue around which a Bevanite-type revolt could crystallise, opposition to Mr. Nash and the Right-wing Federation of Labour leadership remains half-hearted and ineffectual.

WESTMINSTER

The Vocabulary of Abuse

Politics at the moment are as exciting as a line of washing hanging out to dry beneath a leaden sky—humdrum, utilitarian, but not glamorous. The old evocative words which, only a few years ago, aroused politicians to frenzy and activated the spleens of leader writers, are now received with massive calm. Take groundnuts, for example. A few years ago the word compressed into two syllables a whole conception of Socialist-wasteful-expensive-muddle-headed-extravagance. When Sir Leslie Plummer entered the House the word became a cat-call. If he rose to ask a question about old-age pensioners in Deptford, Tories would yell "Nuts! Nuts!" across the Chamber, and would collapse sniggering behind their hands. Wisely, he grinned; he bore it; he waited.

His moment came last week when he replied to three years of jeering. He even used the word groundnuts and was heard in silence. It ceased to be a dirty word, a compendious condemnation. It became, not an apology, but an adventure. The place names of Tanganyika, Kongwa, Mpapwa, Uramba spoke of the red dust and the high winds blowing through the tented towns. The people of "Nutland," as the sneer had it, became pioneers; the young colonels, the teachers, doctors and technicians were men inspired by a vision—not that they would have admitted it. The waste and extravagance became, in part, the story of the hospital which was costly beyond the estimates because it was impossible to turn away the sick Africans who had brought their women and children hundreds of miles. The tragedy was still a tragedy, and money was wasted. But it was a tragedy of over-optimism and inadequate planning by the private enterprise United Africa Company, of dreams based on guesswork instead of investigation, of a public opinion led to expect too much too quickly.

Take next the word nationalisation, which at one time achieved such ill-fame that Socialist speakers were advised to eschew it and refer instead to "public enterprise." Nationalisation used to mean Socialist-blind-doctrinaire-expensive-slate-sold-as-coal-theorising. But on Monday we reviewed the coal industry, and now, as Harold Neal pointed out, nationalisation means industry free from large-scale industrial discontent, profitable industry where sheer man effort and goodwill have produced record productivity. And when Harold Neal, speaking as a miner, asked the Government whether nationalisation had failed, the Minister smiled sweetly, and said "No."

Contributions are still being sought for Sir Winston Churchill's birthday present, although those left out of the Government reshuffle look as though they would rather donate towards a wreath. Time is running out, and they have played all the gambits. They have been obsequious, hoping that polite deference would win preferment. They have been rebellious, hoping to be silenced by office. It has all been in vain.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The West Plays Its Ace

THE signature of the Paris Accord leaves open three questions. Will it be ratified by the Bundestag and the French Assembly? Probably. Dr. Adenauer's critics—both the Socialists and the Free Democrats—will continue to accuse him of "selling" the Saar, but the Chancellor can doubtless persuade a majority that the price, in the recovery of German sovereignty and the right to an Army, was worthwhile. As for the Assembly, it may hate the whole idea of a new German army, but M. Mendès-France seems to have made himself at present "indispensable." Does the Accord offer solid guarantees against the abuse by the Federal Republic of its right to rearm? Not very solid. Western Germany promises not to use force to redraw the map; there is to be some sort of agency to control, in theory, the armaments of members of the Western European Union; and the Supreme Commander will have power to determine the stationing of divisions and the allocation of supplies. All these are paper safeguards: in the last resort the only assurances against the Federal Republic's starting a war are the continued presence of British and American divisions in Western Germany, and the hope that future Western German Governments will be afraid of the consequences of war. Finally, does the Accord still leave scope for settling the "German problem"—that canker at the root of peaceful co-existence? The scope, never large, is shrinking.

The belated Note from Moscow suggests a Four-Power meeting on Germany in November—a date chosen obviously because it would precede ratification of the Paris Accord. The invitation is unlikely to be accepted. We are already being told that ratification must come first, and that only when they are presented with a *fait accompli* by a strong Western Alliance will the Russians be prepared to see reason and make concessions. We believe this argument to be as false as the pretence that the rearmament of Germany will save the British tax-payer money. (It will, in fact, cost us up to £150 m. a year through loss of the German contribution to Occupation costs.) As soon as the Paris agreements are ratified, and the rearmament of Western Germany irrevocably begun, not merely will the Cold War be intensified but the Western Powers will have lost the only bargaining counter—the demilitarisation of a united Germany—which they could ever hope to employ in negotiations with the U.S.S.R. It may be that the Russians have long since "written off" the chances of securing German neutralisation; and, if this be so, they may be content to pose as the champions of German unity, while retaining a reliable satellite State as a shield for Poland's Western frontier. How big a price the Soviet Union was, in fact, prepared to pay in order to avoid West German rearmament was never really ascertained. Even in November, if the Four Powers met, there would be room for bargaining. But, with the ratification of the Paris Accord, the West would have played its ace. What chance of a bargain would then remain?

The Oppenheimer Story

II. THE NEW LOYALTY

To appreciate the tragic significance of the Oppenheimer story one must get rid of two illusions. First it is quite wrong to regard him as another victim of McCarthyism like Owen Lattimore. Lattimore was a private citizen teaching at Johns Hopkins University when he was smeared and hounded out of his professorship. Oppenheimer, on the other hand, has been one of the most powerful figures behind the scenes in Washington ever since he was appointed Director of Los Alamos in 1942; and he was built up as a great public figure even by papers like *Time* and *Life*. He was pushed off his pedestal not by a smear campaign but by a loyalty investigation of incredible unfairness—yet carried out by worried, conscientious men. In the second place, it is absurd to suggest that he is the kind of man whose suitability for top-secret work cannot reasonably be investigated. Having had some experience of our own secret departments in wartime, and studied the transcript of the Oppenheimer hearing, I have come to the conclusion that any counter-intelligence organisation would have queried using him in an unimportant job; and, if he were regarded as indispensable, would have kept him under constant surveillance. Strict surveillance is something which an independent-minded expert who accepts secret Government work cannot reasonably resent. In the past such experts have only been accepted by Governments during a war—to be dispensed with thankfully when the war is over and the departments can return to normalcy. The Cold War, however, has presented the democracies with a new problem—how such men can be used in peace-time without either destroying their integrity or disrupting government.

This problem, of course, does not arise with the vast majority of scientists, who have no ambition to shape policy and can safely be handled as mere technicians. But Oppenheimer possesses not only scientific pre-eminence but great organising capacity and, even more unusual, the ability to formulate policy which makes him the natural leader of any committee of which he is a member. Because such a man cannot be held down at the humdrum level of technical advice, he must either be accepted as an equal in the inmost circles of government or excluded altogether.

Moreover, there was another problem in the case of Oppenheimer. His Socratic bent, which drove him to experiment with every idea and personal association, however dangerous, has subjected him ever since 1952 to conflicts of loyalty and agonising reappraisals far beyond the range of the politicians and civil servants with whom he has worked, and these reappraisals have led him at times into unpredictable actions, disturbing to any security officer. Indeed, what raises the Oppenheimer story to the level of a Greek tragedy is that its hero precipitated his own downfall by the excesses of his own experimental virtue. The pygmies who dragged him down have a kind of rough democratic justice on their side when they say "We cannot have one law for the many and another for the élite. How can we permit this

arrogant scientist a latitude in security matters denied to his typist or lab-boy?"

At the hearings, Oppenheimer and his lawyers were forbidden access to his F.B.I. dossier, but the transcript permits us to summarise it. Son of a prosperous German-American, and educated at Harvard and Göttingen, he was already by 1936 one of the world's greatest physicists, and in private life an elegant playboy of culture with a nice taste in French literature and an elegant contempt for anything that smacked of social significance. Then, at the age of 32, he had an affair with a Communist, Jean Tatlock, and overnight became a typical Californian parlour-pink, sympathising *à la* Steinbeck with the C.I.O., contributing fairly heavily to Communist funds for Spain, and dallying intellectually with Marxism.

What Oppenheimer himself once described as a "brief but intense period of fellow-travelling" faded under the impact of the Nazi-Soviet pact but only ended in 1946. Meanwhile, his younger brother Frank, to whom he is passionately devoted, and Frank's wife Jackie both became Communists; and in 1939 Robert himself married a relative of Field-Marshal Keitel who was also the ex-Communist widow of a Communist official who died fighting in Spain. Katherine is a very strong character who always tried to protect her husband against his new circle of friends, which, of course, included a large number of Communists and fellow-travellers in the University of California, including the Professor of French Literature, Haakon Chevalier.

When Oppenheimer was given the most important and the most secret war-time scientific post, he reported most of this to the F.B.I., with that arrogant irony which marked his attitude throughout the hearing. All the security officers, with the exception of Colonel Lansdale, who was in charge of Los Alamos, advised against accepting him; but he was cleared by General Groves as a "calculated risk" along with a number of his colleagues. The A-Bomb just could not be made without the help of California's parlour-pinks.

Oppenheimer had to recruit the staff for this most unattractive war plant, far out in the desert and loaded with security restrictions. He recognised that security regulations had to be, but they were a ghastly obstacle—both to recruiting the best brains and to building the bomb—especially when operated by blimps. When these blimps tried to get rid of his colleagues, he resisted on principle, and, if pressed for information about their pasts, gave as little as possible. After all, it was not his job to hunt spies, and he would lose the confidence of the workers at Los Alamos if he didn't defend them against the excesses of counter-intelligence.

In September, 1943, however, a worrying incident occurred. Colonel Lansdale told him that there was hard evidence of Russian espionage in the radiation labs at San Francisco, where a number of his young graduates were working and Oppenheimer suddenly remembered something that had happened months ago during a party at his home. Chevalier had come out to the kitchen and remarked to him that an Englishman in the radiation labs had suggested a contact if it was felt desirable to give any information to our Russian allies. Oppenheimer at once said that this would be treason, and Chevalier shut up. Now he began to wonder whether he ought not to report this to counter-intelligence.

But how to do it? The talk with Chevalier had occurred many months previously and he would have to explain why he delayed reporting it. Moreover, Chevalier, he felt sure, was at worst an innocent stooge; yet if he gave the name of the Englishman how could he avoid mentioning Chevalier? And even worse, if the investigation got going, would not suspicion fall on his own ex-students in the lab? Finally, at the back of his mind was the question of his brother, Frank, who was also in secret war work as a physicist after promising solemnly to stop playing the fool. All these agonising doubts were only too apparent in a long tortuous interview with Colonel Pash. Oppenheimer gave the name of the Englishman, but kept himself and Chevalier out of it by inventing "an unnamed contact who had approached three unnamed persons at Los Alamos." A few days later he had to plunge even deeper in another interview, this time with Lansdale, but still refused to name the contact. Finally, just a year after the fatal conversation, General Groves ordered him to "come clean." He admitted to lying and named Chevalier. At last counter-intelligence had the information it required. Ironically enough, when the lead was followed up, it led nowhere. Oppenheimer's tip to Pash (without which nothing would have been ever known about the whole affair) only achieved his own and Chevalier's ruin. That ruin was completed just ten years later. When Oppenheimer was over here delivering the Reith lectures last year, he received a letter from Chevalier (now working in Unesco) suggesting a visit to Paris in order to meet Andre Malraux, his favourite French author. Wracked by guilt at what he had done to his friend, Oppenheimer went, although he knew he was under investigation. Nothing of course happened, but the fact that he had associated with his "contact" of 1943 was the final "proof" which enabled the Atomic Energy Commission to point to "fundamental defects in his character" and assert "the work of military intelligence, the F.B.I. and the A.E.C.—all at one time or another have felt the effects of his falsehoods, evasions and misrepresentations."

The Chevalier incident runs through the transcript of these hearings like a recurrent motif. Almost everyone with whom Oppenheimer had worked came to testify passionately on his behalf, but always the prosecutor returned relentlessly to this theme. There is a terrible moment when Oppenheimer suddenly realises that his strictly off-the-record talks with Pash and Lansdale were literally "on the record"—and had to listen to his ten-year-old evasions read back in court. If only he had said "In terms of human decency I was right. No one can be expected to incriminate his best friend and his brother in a country which calls itself a democracy." But for Oppenheimer this would have been an admission of weakness; and, instead, he admitted almost on the first day that he had told "a tissue of fabrications" and on the last day accepted the totalitarian demands of the New Loyalty and condemned himself in these words

> When you ask for a more persuasive argument as to why I did this than that I was an idiot, I am going to have more trouble being understandable . . . I think I need to say it was essential that I tell this story, that I should have told it at once, and I should have told it completely accurately.

How much warmer-hearted was the blimp Colonel Lansdale. Under cross-examination he exploded.

> *Prosecutor:* You felt that Dr. Oppenheimer seriously impeded your investigation, didn't you?
> *Lansdale:* Certainly. But he wasn't the first to impede, nor the last.
> *Prosecutor:* Do you have any predisposition of feeling that you want to defend Dr. Oppenheimer here?
> *Lansdale:* I do feel strongly at least to the extent of my knowledge that he is loyal. I am extremely disturbed by the current hysteria of the times of which this seems to be a manifestation.
> *Prosecutor:* You think this inquiry is a manifestation of hysteria?
> *Lansdale:* I think . . .
> *Prosecutor:* Yes or no?
> *Lansdale:* I won't answer that question "yes" or "no". . . I think that the hysteria of the times over Communism is extremely dangerous. I can only illustrate it by another dangerous attitude which was going on in 1943 when we were worrying about Dr. Oppenheimer's loyalty. At the same time . . . I was being vilified, being reviewed and re-reviewed by boards because of my efforts to get Communists out of the Army, and being frustrated by the blind, naive attitude of Mrs. Roosevelt and those around her in the White House. We are going through today the other extreme swing of the pendulum which is in my view and judgment extremely dangerous.

Colonel Lansdale was surely right. It is a proof of American hysteria that, *owing to one lapse in the course of ten years' service*, Dr. Oppenheimer has been excluded from Government work. But there is another ironical lesson to be learnt from a study of these hearings. Oppenheimer was adjudged a bad security risk long after he had jettisoned his liberal philosophy and liberal friends and become a conventional patriot dedicated to the State Department's containment policy and even, according to his friend Dr. Rabi, now "inclined toward a preventive war." The blunt fact is that the world in which the scientific adviser must do his work today has all the atmosphere of "1984." He is spied on day and night and compelled, in order to keep his position, to make concessions of principle and adopt false attitudes of loyalty which poison his inner integrity. Moreover, since all the vital decisions in which he participates must be taken secretly and without democratic consultation, they are inevitably the result of furtive factional fights between rival cliques of which the public only gains an occasional glimpse when one clique finds it expedient to organise a malicious leak or to stage a loyalty hearing. How can the independent experimental mind survive in such an atmosphere? Secrecy corrupts: semi-secrecy corrupts absolutely. The loss of his know-how—and that of those scientists who will now keep clear of government service—may well be irreparable to the military strength of the U.S.A. But for the saving of Robert J. Oppenheimer's soul it is surely a merciful deliverance that he is back in the sanity of Princetown.

R. H. S. Crossman

London Diary

We have now two Ministerial statements on the prospects of action against "horror and crime comics." The new Home Secretary and the Secretary of State for Scotland have obviously seen examples of the baser types of comic, and have been genuinely shocked. Both of them are "looking into the matter." How long should we wait? And meanwhile what should be done by private initiative to strengthen the hand of the Government? Interest in the question is great; the response to the article *Sadism for Kids* by the Editor of this paper has been widespread and impressive. People who were inclined to pooh-pooh the criticism as namby-pamby or prudish are completely knocked off their perch once they discover what is actually sold to children. The point has at last been appreciated that, while adult censorship of serious books is foolish, the protection of children is a primary duty of society. Naturally, parents and teachers who are on their hind-legs about comics want to know what to do. They hear that the Customs and Excise authorities, who are empowered by an Act of 1876, to seize obscene prints, books, and articles at the ports, jib at being asked to do it in the case of the imported American matrices

from which comics are printed. Well, what about a test prosecution against one of the distributors? The law has never said that "obscenity" necessarily has a sexual meaning. You can "deprave" and "corrupt" children far more quickly and effectively by the visual presentation of cruelty and horror than by "suggestive" pictures. Of the two modes of prosecution, trial by jury at Common Law is of much greater significance than a Magistrate's summons to "show cause" why a selection of comics should not be destroyed: the latter is purely local in effect. But if the Common Law indictment is tried and fails, then I should say that it will be beyond dispute that the law defining obscenity needs revision and that the question of the publishers' intention should be made legally relevant.

* * *

No wonder old age pensioners become cynical about politicians. Both parties are pledged to raise pensions, and there would be no difficulty about passing an emergency Bill through Parliament. Yet Mr. Peake, newly promoted to the Cabinet, tells the old people that they must wait until Christmas for the Government's plan, and then, presumably, wait for Mr. Butler's pre-election Budget until any more money is paid out. In the meantime, he says, "if they are really cold and hungry," they can go to the Assistance Board. The technical excuse is that the new scheme must wait until the Government has the report of the Phillips Committee and the results of the Quinquennial Review. True enough. But why make the old folk go through another winter without help? Why not give an interim increase, without prejudice to the final changes? If the Government really wanted to do this, the administrative problems could be overcome. Is it fair to suspect that an addition of, say, five shillings to pension and Assistance scales would eat heavily into the reserves that the Chancellor is quietly building up for disposal on the eve of the election? It is little use saying that those in need can turn to Assistance. Those in greatest need are already getting supplementary pensions which, as Norman MacKenzie's survey in St. Helens, last February, showed, are not enough to keep them out of "old-fashioned poverty." We assume that such poverty no longer exists. But Mr. MacKenzie found that it did among the old people, and since he wrote the cost of living has risen further.

* * *

Some strange things seem to be happening under the new Rent Act. The oddest cases come from areas which suffered in the East Coast floods, where tenants have had their rents raised to cover the cost of repairs done in the last three years. True, a good deal of work was done to the houses to make good the storm damage. But much of it was subsidised by money from relief funds, and insurance companies also met part of the cost. The landlord may not have paid a penny out of his own pocket. When tenants have protested, however, they have been told that the Act only stipulates that money must have been *spent* on the house; though War Damage payments cannot be made the basis of a rent increase, it appears that relief grants can. I hear of another case where an old lady did some repairs to her own house, and then sold it, though she remained as a tenant. Her rent has now been raised to cover the cost of the improvements she paid for. Many landlords, as the Labour Party predicted, are not being at all particular about the way they make use of this Act. I see that Key Flats, whose tenants disputed the claim for higher rents and service charges, lost their first cases before a Rent Tribunal. Despite the company's insistence that the increases could be justified by its accounts, the Tribunal made substantial reductions.

* * *

Most reading men compile, I suppose, more or less systematically, a private anthology. This fragment from the description of the Good Official I take from *Into Hidden Burma,* by Maurice Collis (Faber, 1954).

> Exploration was not one of the duties of a deputy commissioner. . . . As he moved through the town, supported as was proper, both for his dignity and the careful execution of his duties, by a posse consisting of the township officer, his own stenographer, a police orderly, perhaps, and at least two peons carrying boxes stuffed with office manuals, ink, paper and pens, he should not promenade, just taking the air, watching the craft in the offing, listening to the sweet gongs and accepting roses from children, nor halt to take a cup of wine with a Chinaman, admire a conch-shell in the hand of a sea-gypsy or listen to a fairy story about an enchanted fish, which, the reincarnation of an old wizard, blew bubbles of ambrosial perfume; but averting his face, especially from monks, astrologers, puppet-masters and flute players, waving aside gifts of turtles' eggs, mother-of-pearl, sea-slugs or other such dainties, proffered by designing men who desired gun licences, house sites at advantageous corners, opium tickets or permission to hold a lottery, he should march on, unsmiling, rigid, unapproachable, incorruptible. . . .

* * *

The belfry on the Church of the Ascension, at Balham, needs repair; and there is no Parish Hall. Where is the money to come from? If you were one of its parishioners you would recently have received a printed letter from the parish church council, saying, unexceptionably, "We respectfully ask you to help us meet the expenditure necessarily incurred." But you would then read this concluding sentence:

> The church is the property and liability of those residing in the parish. Accordingly we are levying a penny in the pound (£) rate on your house (or premises) under the powers vested in us, and shall be obliged if you will remit the sum indicated below in the enclosed envelope.

Now Parish Councils have the authority (under a Church Assembly Measure of 1921) to collect a "voluntary rate" throughout the parish, and to suggest to each parishioner a contribution based on his rateable value. No one need pay if he doesn't want to. The letter itself is headed "Voluntary Rate." But what is the parishioner to make of this vaguely coercive phrase about "*the powers vested in us.*" Compulsory church rates were abolished in 1868.

* * *

When I met the Asantehene last December he was not dressed in his ceremonial costume as a sacred King carried high in a palanquin with the Golden Stool of the Ashanti nation behind him, nor was he clothed, as I gather he often is, in a shirt and shorts. He wore the dignified robes of a ruling prince on a social occasion. We had no opportunity of talking politics, so I am speaking second-hand when I express the belief that he has now made a mistake in thinking that he can maintain his position as a Chief by any kind of a federalism in the Gold Coast after the thumping electoral victory of the C.P.P. (You may be sure that the Colonial Office is not going to reopen the question of the Gold Coast Constitution.) No, this was not an occasion for discussing whether the Conservative opposition had a chance in the Gold Coast. It was an afternoon performance of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* given by the boys at a missionary school. It remains in my mind as one of the most bizarre examples of Englishry that has ever come my way. The temperature, I suppose, was round about 100. One of the main points of the story of Scrooge and Marley's ghost is that it is freezing. Whether the boys understood what they were doing I don't know; several of them, much to their credit, acted as if they did. Tiny Tim, a sizeable African boy, blessed us with fervour, and Bob and Mrs. Cratchit and their family tried to convince us that it was normal at Christmas time to be eating turkey and plum pudding. The stage was decorated with festoons and banners which unfortunately caught fire during the proceedings. The performance was out of doors; the sun blazed down upon us mercilessly, while Scrooge hugged his shirt and slapped his arms to keep his circulation going in the frost. The chairs were largely occupied by polite and solemn Africans, but the front row contained the Asantehene, the Chief Regional Officer and his wife, myself and one or two other Europeans. Remembering that it would soon be Christmas, we felt the occasion was eminently proper.

CRITIC

PRICE OF FREEDOM

("The phone tappers get their phones tapped."—*Daily Express.*)

Who plays snooper on informers and narks
Spying on the spies who spy on people in the parks?
When the post-office sorter or the old hall porter
Sneaks on his son or shops his little daughter
Who screens *him* for any sympathy with Marx?
Who sets the traps
For the under-cover chaps
(With a trapper-trapping-trapper after *him,* perhaps)
And who taps the line,
When he's finished tapping mine,
Of the phone-tapper, talking of his taps?

Who watch the tricks of the dirty little dicks
Listening at keyholes to get us in a fix?
Who does the Judas on his *frère provocateur*
And bribes a girl to frame him, when *he* is framing *her*?
Who shadow shadows and who shadows *them*?
Who shadows Winston and who shadows Clem?
Who is steaming open the confidential letters
Of blokes who spy in turn upon their aiders and abettors?

Oh, the tapping and the trapping they are surely overlapping
As the Ministry of Keyholes has elaborately planned,
With parasites who bite all
The little bugs in Whitehall
And ticks to bite
The parasite
Which bites the bug which in the night
Is paid to bite the citizen and make him understand
That Peeping Tom is surety
For safety and security
To save from all suspicion of political impurity
This polycryptocratic little land.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Because parshioners had said they did not want to give fruit and vegetables to hospitals whose greengrocery bills are paid by the taxpayers and ratepayers, the Rev. Basil Bennett, priest-in-charge at Stansted, has stated that none of the produce that was used to decorate the church at the harvest festival services was sent to "nationalised hospitals." —*The Clacton Graphic.* (Mrs. A. L. Hindell Turner.)

Are there no rules, written or unwritten, unofficial or official, for the public deportment of bishops in uniform?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (N. L. Shrimpton.)

Prince Charles still has all his teeth. A rumour that he has lost one, set the crowds straining to see last night.—*Daily Sketch.* (J. J. Caley.)

Visit to Russia

MALENKOV'S desk stands under Stalin's picture at the end of the room, and on it is a silver bust of Lenin. On one wall is a map of the world. Malenkov himself is short, not more than five-foot-four, and although a little plump is a burly, broad-shouldered man. There is no grey in his black hair, and this makes him look younger than his years. His grip is firm—Malenkov strikes one as being very fit. His eyebrows have an upward turn on the outside, which gives him a slightly Mephistophilean appearance. In repose, his features are strong and ample, but in conversation they are extraordinarily alive and expressive, as are his hands. He does not strike you as a particularly cruel or ruthless man. It is possible to feel that he is sensitive, even thoughtful. (When for instance, he saw that the interpreter of our talk was cramped for space, he broke off with a smile and moved the telephones for him.) Molotov, who stood on his right, is also not quite like his photographs. Instead of the flinty obstinacy one had expected, his attitude was that of a benevolent uncle, secretly proud of the achievements of a gifted nephew.

We wanted to find out whether Russia's "New Look" policy had come to stay; and the first question put to Mr. Malenkov was whether, since Communists look on the collapse of capitalism as inevitable, they regard co-existence as only a short-term policy. On the contrary, he said, co-existence must be a long-term, indeed a permanent policy, for the alternative was preparation for war and ultimately war itself. Russia, he said, respected the sovereignty of other nations and would stick strictly to the policy of not interfering in their affairs. The importance of the question was underlined by Mr. Molotov, who expressed the view that peaceful co-existence depended on the relationship between countries with different systems. Only, he went on, if Russia and Great Britain really wanted peaceful relations, would co-existence be possible.

At this point, Mr. Malenkov said he would like to ask us a question: "How is the peaceful policy of co-existence to be carried out?" He added: "The position of the U.S.S.R. is clear; for she believes that collective security is the answer and, therefore, condemns the policy of military blocs." All this was put so reasonably, and with such conviction, that it was as if the Berlin Blockade and Korea had been fairy stories. And here one comes up against the central puzzle of our visit. What was one to make of this sudden decision of the Kremlin to invite a Parliamentary Delegation to tour Russia? Could one hope that Soviet foreign policy since the war had been the personal policy of Stalin? And that now Stalin was dead, his successors were genuinely trying to follow a new course? These are questions that every honest man must ask himself—and they are not easy to answer. But although one can be certain that nothing in Russia is ever so innocent as it is sometimes made to appear, my own feeling is that the welcome given to our delegation cannot have been all propaganda. Or, let me put it in another way. There seemed a genuine desire that we should really see Russia as she is. Certainly there were no closed doors during our tour.

My belief is that at the end of the war Russia was scarcely breathing and her weaknesses had, at all costs, to be concealed from eyes that might be hostile. This period of weakness has now passed. The first phase of Russia's post-war reconstruction has been completed. Russia today is far stronger than she has ever been in her history. War-ruined cities have been rebuilt, and new factories and hydro-electric plants are growing like mushrooms. Russia is, once again, on the march, and she is working, with a ceaseless energy and enthusiasm to carry through a capital investment programme which would break the political back of any democratic Government that tried to keep pace. It is only now that this grim struggle is beginning to pay a dividend. Food is plentiful. Clothing is adequate, although quality of material and good design are conspicuously lacking. Consumer goods are abundant, though quality is not high by our standards. Russia today has a higher standard of life than she has ever known. It is still rising and, given peace, should continue to rise sharply.

It is against this background that our talks in the Kremlin must be judged. Malenkov was asked about the quality of consumer goods. He said, "People are entitled to demand more and better quality goods." In the past, he went on, Russia had paid great attention to heavy industry and she would continue to take care of it. But the point had been reached when more attention could and must be given to consumer goods. That statement accords with the facts as we observed them, and it is a most hopeful sign. For it shows, more conclusively than any set of statistics, that Russia, perhaps for the first time since the Revolution, is moving into a period of comparative plenty. And this, surely, will breed a sense of security and a lessening of tension.

Because of this it seems to me that the time has come when Russia and the West should take the opportunity of getting to know each other a little better. Mr. Malenkov himself stressed the need for closer cultural ties. He told us that, since the war, 83 delegations from Britain had visited the U.S.S.R., but he also agreed that the figure was too low and that steps should be taken to expand tourist visits. He said that the U.S.S.R. stood for the development of personal relations between people and that although obstacles stood in the way of the exchange of visitors, these should be overcome.

Mr. Malenkov's views were in harmony with those of Mr. Molotov when I talked to him on the same subject at a reception given by the British Embassy. I told Mr. Molotov that, when we visited Moscow and Tiflis Universities, we had been impressed with the teaching of English, despite the fact that none of the Professors and teachers we had met had ever visited England. I then asked him whether it would be possible for a scheme to be worked out, perhaps on a limited scale at first, which would enable those engaged in the teaching of English at Russian universities to exchange visits with those engaged in the teaching of Russian at English universities. Mr. Molotov at once replied that he would welcome such a scheme and asked whether our authorities would grant the necessary facilities. I told him that I hoped my suggestion would be officially considered by Britain and Russia.

Following up my conversation with Mr. Molotov about the exchange of visits of university teachers I asked Mr. Malenkov whether arrangements could not be made for an exchange of military visits so that Britain and Europe could come to know more about the Red Army's strength. I reminded him that a picture had grown up in Great Britain of the Red Army as a sinister force of great strength, poised with aggressive intent against the peace of Europe. Mr. Malenkov's reply to this was that the U.S.S.R. had only recently made a new contribution on the subject of disarmament but that a great deal now depended on Great Britain and France, since the U.S.S.R. had accepted the proposals of these countries. He said that the U.S.S.R. had no aggressive plans or intentions. Can we believe or, more pointedly, dare we believe that statement

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to be true? Honestly I do not know. I feel that Russia needs peace, and I am sure that we must try to convince her that our hand of friendship is there, waiting to be grasped at any moment she chooses. Given this approach it is just possible, I think, that we could enter a period of lessening tension—that we may have reached the stage when we could build a better understanding between Russia and the West than has been possible at any time since 1945. It will be hard going, for Russia does not see things as we do and has, as we have, a hangover of suspicion and disappointment. The risks will be great, but in my view the risks involved in the alternative are even greater.

GEORGE WIGG

The Solomon Case

MEMBERS of the jury: it is now my duty, on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, to call your attention to certain aspects of this unpleasant case. I shall endeavour to be very brief.

You have all had an opportunity—or should I perhaps say a belatedly renewed opportunity?—to read this book as a whole. I'm sure that you have done so, and that you were careful to consider this so-called *Song of Songs* as a part of the whole—er—work. I offer no opinion, members of the jury, as to the relevance of these eight chapters to what may or may not be the purpose of the entire book; but you will no doubt give due weight, in your deliberations, to the fact that the book as a whole has for some considerable time been widely known as the Holy Bible, and that there has hitherto been no complaint of any kind against its publishers (the British and Foreign Bible Society), or its printers (the Cambridge University Press).

Having said that, I turn at once to my learned friend's insistence, in his speech to you, that the defendants, in publishing the *Song of Solomon*, were actuated only by the highest motives. It matters not, members of the jury, if their concern was to reform and elevate the whole of humanity. That is not the test. Let me remind you, subject to what my Lord will say when he sums up this case to you, of the only test that you are to apply in considering whether this so-called *Song of Songs* is or is not an obscene publication. "The test is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Nothing there about intention, members of the jury. No considerations of literary merit or sociological zeal need trouble your minds. Is that stuff fit for an adolescent boy or girl to read? That is all you have to consider. Nor need you be influenced by any plea that this kind of writing is allegorical, and that the boy or girl might be getting the wrong end of the stick. Allegory, members of the jury? I hope you took careful note, as you read, of the chapter-headings to this self-styled *Song of Solomon*. You each have the book before you; perhaps you will bear with me as I indicate to you certain passages where the undeniably amatory nature of the text is, in the submission of the prosecution, obscene to an extent that can in no way be mitigated by any trumped-up or misleading chapter-headings.

In Chapter 1, members of the jury, you will have noticed Verse Thirteen: "A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me: he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." And you will have observed that the chapter-heading suggests how in that passage the Church and the Almighty are "congratulating one another." Was that the way it struck you, members of the jury? Whatever the casuistry of bygone theologians, did you think that was in fact a piece of thoroughly reprehensible erotica? Not very obscene, perhaps, but did it afford you any indication as to the plausibility of the chapter-headings? Look at the beginning of Chapter 7, where the Shulamite is apostrophised in terms which, you may think, a reputable publisher and a university printer might well hesitate to disseminate among our Sunday schools. "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet which wanteth not liquor; thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins."

And what is the chapter-heading to that, members of the jury? "A further description of the Church's graces." And that, indeed, is what the defence has been asking you to believe it to be. Well, of course, it's a matter for you. You're men and women of the world. You will know about these things. And look a little further down, Verse Six: "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" Even if you believed, members of the jury, that that had reference to "the Church's graces," how many young girls do you think would so regard it? My learned friend sought to call before you a long procession of eminent literary and ecclesiastical gentlemen, to say no doubt that this thing is really an allegorical poem of great power and beauty. No doubt you would have been able to hear a great deal of learned exegesis, parading before you, for example, Hengstenberg's identification of the Shulamite's navel with the chalice of the Church. Members of the jury, their opinion matters not in this case. I could have called expert opinion, too—opinion that this outburst is no longer considered by scholars to have been the work of King Solomon, that it belongs to post-Exilic times, or that it is a marriage liturgy of the cult of Adonis. We could have had a most interesting and learned debate.

But it would all be beside the point, members of the jury: all irrelevant and all, in my submission to you, disingenuous in intention. My Lord rightly refused, if I may most respectfully say so, to allow any of this evidence; and it would also have been wrong to encumber your minds with the views of the twelve superintendents of Sunday schools, who, unless I misunderstood my learned friend's skilful essay in the art of paraphrasing witnesses he is not allowed to call, were here to say that the *Song of Solomon* is not read by Sunday School children. Members of the jury, how do they know by whom it is read? Do you know what even your own children read? You do not. You perhaps try to protect them. You feel that the Bible should be in your homes, but you buy small black-covered ones and put them in inconspicuous corners of your book-shelves. And if in fact this farrago of sensuousness is written with "power and beauty," is it not obvious that the gravity of the offence charged is to that extent aggravated? If ill-written pornography can have harmfully telling effects, what is to be said about pornography that is beautifully written?

My Lord has told you, and I have ventured to repeat, that you must consider this book as a whole. My learned friend for the defence stressed the same necessity with such vehemence as to suggest to my own mind that he does not know what the rest of the book is like. I refrain, members of the jury, from directing your attention to certain passages in the Books of *Leviticus*, *Kings*, *Chronicles* and others, because those instructing me consider it undesirable that public attention should be drawn to them. But you will have read them. I ask you to say, with all those matters in your minds, that these eight Chapters of the Authorised Version of the Bible, whether they be an allegorical poem, a heathen fertility chant, a sensuous love lyric or a parable of the Church's devotion to its work, constitute an obscene libel under the Common Law of England.

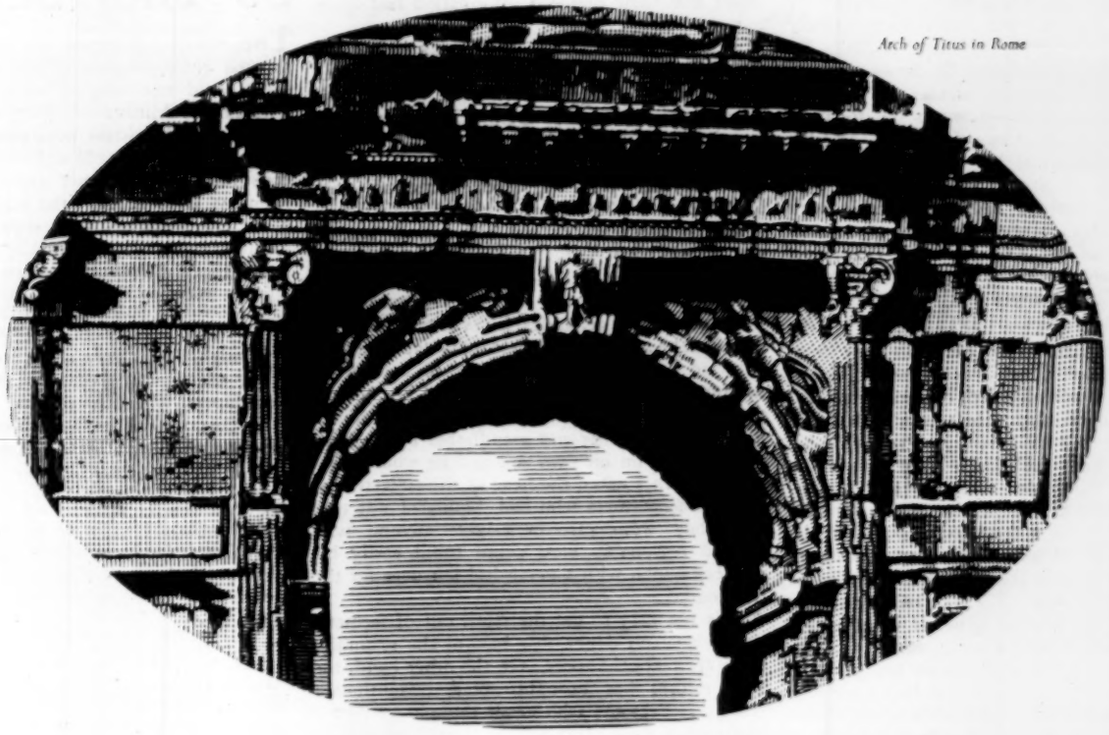
C. H. ROLPH

Beyond Berlin

A VISIT of several weeks to the two German Republics, one Federal one "Democratic," has left me with the impression that they are drifting further and further apart. It is not merely a question of the rearmament of Western Germany hardening a frontier across which Cold War—with kidnappings, arson and sabotage on both sides—is already being waged; the reunification of the Reich is steadily becoming less and less a problem soluble in terms of practical politics. No German will admit this openly: politicians on both sides of the frontier assure you firmly that the sacred cause of Unity is nearest their hearts. Ask how it is to be accomplished, and you get evasive answers. The fact is that, in the West, apart from a noisy minority of refugees and professional militarists, people are much less concerned with Germany beyond the Elbe, or even with the "lost provinces," than about cashing in on a boom—*Das Deutsche Wirtschaftswunder*—whose permanence is nowhere taken for granted. In the East, so far as the political leadership is concerned, I found an absolute determination not to give up what they call their Socialist achievement. Given this attitude in the Democratic Republic, how is unification with the capitalist Christodemocracy of Dr. Adenauer to be peacefully accomplished?

It is a delusion, I believe, to imagine that the frontier will one day be demolished by a rising in the East more effective than the riots of June, 1953. From all that I learned in the Democratic Republic I am satisfied that those riots—quite apart from their stimulation by Western agents and propaganda—were caused, not by a conscious desire for "liberation," but by bad economic conditions. I do not mean that all (or even the majority) of Eastern Germans are now happy about their regime. It is clear, however, that June 17 alarmed the Government and taught a wholesome lesson. The result was a rapid increase in the supply of goods in the shops, wage increases, and a reduction of many prices. It was evident to me that the authorities, in the past twelve months, have done a good deal to relax the policy of extreme austerity and repression and to create a somewhat happier, gayer atmosphere. They are gradually succeeding. Apart from the fact that the Democratic Republic, in contrast to Western Germany, has practically no unemployment, and that there is a rising demand for skilled labour and professional services, the "Socialist achievement" cannot be brushed lightly aside: it certainly appeals to the younger generation.

The Democratic Republic is not by any means an economic Utopia. There are few remnants left of the "dispossessed ex-bourgeoisie"; but I spoke with quite a number of workers earning less than 300 Marks a month. They are still underprivileged: they are hard put to it to supplement their (lowest scale) ration card with more than a bare minimum of the extra food and other goods obtainable in the State controlled "H.O." shops. These shops, however, now offer a plentiful choice; and, since June, 1953, prices have been twice reduced (bacon, for instance, now costs about half what it did, and is priced at



Arch of Titus in Rome

All experience is an arch to build upon

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918)

'Experience' begins with the first bump on the nursery floor. It is the conversion of 'living' into 'knowing'; the translation of hard knocks into hard facts.

There are two facets of experience: memory, and vision. It is a knowledge of the past, that enables us to take a view of the future; when we use it as an aid to success, we are the historian of our failures, and the prophet of our achievements.

In industry, technique is collective experience, of men, and machines. With its help, we can reach new levels of production and research, and solve new problems in the light of old. For a progressive industry, experience is more than an arch, or a foundation; it is the master-builder's tower, from which the shape of tomorrow can be seen.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

present at M.7.50 per kilo.). Semi-skilled workers enjoy on the average an income of at least M.500 a month; and, with well-run *crèches* for practically every factory, married women have facilities for adding to the family budgets. So far as statistics are concerned, the average annual consumption per head of the population works out today at 120.3 kg. of flour, 197.3 kg. of potatoes, 41.3 kg. of meat and sausage, 31 kg. of sugar, 9.4 kg. of butter, 5.5. kg. of animal fats, 6.9 kg. of fish. These figures compare not unfavourably with those of Western Germany, where the sumptuous shop windows of the Königsallee in Düsseldorf are deceptive unless checked by inspection of the larders of the unemployed.

Not only, however, are living standards in the Democratic Republic now very different from the semi-starvation which led to the 1953 riots; the important factor of cheap, officially organised holidays has to be taken into account. I visited a trade union holiday resort at Bad Schandau on the Elbe, near the Czech frontier. Set in beautiful surroundings, well-run and accommodating seventy-five people, the hostel provided trade unionists with a fortnight's holiday at the modest price of M.30. There are many such places in Thuringia, in the Harz and on the Baltic coast; and, this year, 770,000 holiday-makers were catered for by this type of organisation. This, of course, is only a small minority of the population, few enough of whom can afford a "free enterprise" holiday; but, at Bad Schandau, I had a significant talk with a 60-year-old skilled worker in the building trade, on holiday with his wife. He hadn't had too happy a time either in the Weimar Republic or in the Third Reich—too much work or none, plenty of worries and little enjoyment. Things hadn't been too good at first, he said, in the Democratic Republic, but now they were improving. For the first time in his life he had spare cash to buy, and leisure to read, good books, and to go to concerts and operas. For the first time he was enjoying a real care-free holiday. "Before turning in, I have a last glass of beer," he told me; "then I usually find my wife fast asleep. For the first time in all these many years I find her face happily relaxed."

That was the reaction of an elderly worker. His is not the age-group about which the authorities are chiefly concerned. The State is concentrating on the young generation. Schools which I visited seem to be no longer handicapped by the grievous lack of accom...odation, teachers and books, which was noticeable in the early post-war years of Federal Germany—whatever view one may hold of the "ideological" slant given to teaching. I visited also several Free German Youth Homes. Installed in what used to be feudal castles on the banks of the Elbe, they were equipped with everything a child's heart could desire. In one castle I found the ex-proprietor's bathroom—a huge mid-Victorian apartment—transformed into an enchanting *Märchenstube*, in which scores of youngsters were listening to "Auntie" reading fairy tales—I hope with not too Marxist a moral! Equally impressive was a home for juvenile delinquents which I visited near Weimar. This home, like several others in the Democratic Republic, is modelled on the theories of A. S. Makarenko, the famous Russian pedagogue who did so much to cope with the Soviet Union's early problems of juvenile delinquency. The warden, I judged, was giving his difficult charges an admirable mixture of kindness and sternness, useful work and useful leisure. It was clear that those tough youngsters, boys and girls who had come up against the Law, respected—I should almost say, revered—the warden. His charges asked me a lot of questions about England—questions which left me with little doubt that their previous information had been, to put it mildly, biased.

What of the peasants? Bearing in mind the considerable numbers of farmers who had fled to Western Germany, I wondered whether this large section of the Democratic Republic's population, to whom the welfare benefits of the "Socialist achievement" mean much less than to industrial workers, were simmering with discontent. In Thuringia I visited a district in which privately owned and collectivised land is worked side by side. One of the "private" farmers, too busy with a difficult harvest to let go his pitchfork for more than a moment's talk, was clearly full of grumbles: it was hard to get hired help, and he and his family had to "slave their guts out" to fulfill their quota. One or two of his neighbours had gone to the West and he couldn't much blame them. Was he thinking of going? No. Like his father and grandfather before him, he was born on his own soil and he would stick to it. When I asked the head of the collectivised farm about farmers who had "quit," I was told that they were just bone-lazy: anyone who worked reasonably hard could fulfill easily his delivery quota, with a good deal left over for the free market.

It is not easy to get the truth out of farmers, and I have no doubt that behind the grumbles there are real grievances. On the other hand, the land reform has brought about revolutionary changes. Peasants who never thought to own a strip of soil were given nearly 2½m. acres of land confiscated from the Junker estates and shared among 120,000 recipients. Moreover, a further 1.8m. acres, or thereabouts, was shared out to 90,000 refugees from Silesia and East Prussia, while nearly 700,000 acres were allotted to 80,000 peasants whose previous holdings were too small for efficient working. Whatever grumbles and grievances there may be—and when was a peasant ever satisfied?—this is an act of State which no one in the rural districts of the Democratic Republic would wish to see reversed.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

TEMPTATION IN MOSCOW

"The British Ambassador walked out of a Burmese dinner party tonight because of the presence of the East German and North Korean Ambassadors."—*Newspaper report.*

He was kind but he was careful,
Victim of a Burmese game
When he met the North Koreans
He retired to save his name

It's the same the whole world over
Co-Existence is the rule
But the diplomatic handbook
Made him look a Bl**dy F**l

With Vishinsky and Malenkov
He would gladly sit and eat,
But the sight of Eastern Germans
Sends him scuttling to the street.

As for guests from North Korea,
He was forced to draw the line;
Meals cannot be shared with people
North of latitude three-nine.

Protocol must be regarded,
Britons all must play the game.
Even if you miss your dinner
Better starve than eat in shame.

Esau for a mess of pottage
Sold his birthright and his name;
Diplomats must be more careful
Hayter's really not to blame

It's the same the whole world over . . .

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

So They Say . . .

THE newspapers made the best of the long-awaited reconstruction of the Government, but they could not conceal their disappointment. Though the Ministerial changes were important and popular Ministers were promoted, they were given an unusually cold welcome. They "scarcely constitute," *The Times* commented tartly on Monday, October 18, "the major reconstruction of the Government that its supporters had looked for this autumn." Editorially it developed the theme that the Premier had not replaced himself:

> Compared to the change that has still to come they seem of little account. In many ways it is embarrassing to discuss that change. . . .

Though *The Times* chose its words carefully, it was more outspoken than other Conservative newspapers, whose loyalty led them to disguise their chagrin. The *Daily Telegraph* reporting the changes in great detail, commented only that

> Sir Winston Churchill, like some indestructible oak, still towers over all. . . . If he is making any preparations for eventual retirement, none are yet visible.

The *Daily Mail*, recalling that the Blackpool speech had given the "impression that agreement on his retirement had been reached in principle," stated that

> The way is now clear for the Premier and Mr. Eden to carry on in harness until, a few months before the next election, Sir Winston hands over to his successor. . . . Sir Winston intends to remain until he brings off a talk with Mr. Malenkov.

The *Daily Sketch* made no such attempt to get the best of all rumours and speculations.

> The Cabinet reshuffle is a clear indication that Sir Winston Churchill intends to stay at 10 Downing Street and lead the Tories in the next General Election.

The opposite interpretation was offered by the *Daily Worker*: "So extensive are the changes that it is clear that the Government is preparing for Churchill's resignation, to be announced before the General Election next autumn." "Sir Winston," the *Daily Mirror* concluded from "the size of the reshuffle," has "no immediate intention of giving up office." The *Mirror*—which has long been urging the Premier to resign—also complained that his refusal to make up his mind means that "the direction of affairs must be haunted by uncertainty."

A similar note was sounded by the *Daily Herald*—"protracted uncertainty is bad for Cabinet efficiency, bad for administration and harmful to British interests"—while the *News Chronicle* lamely closed its discussion of his decision to remain with the words "whether he is right is a question that must be answered by events."

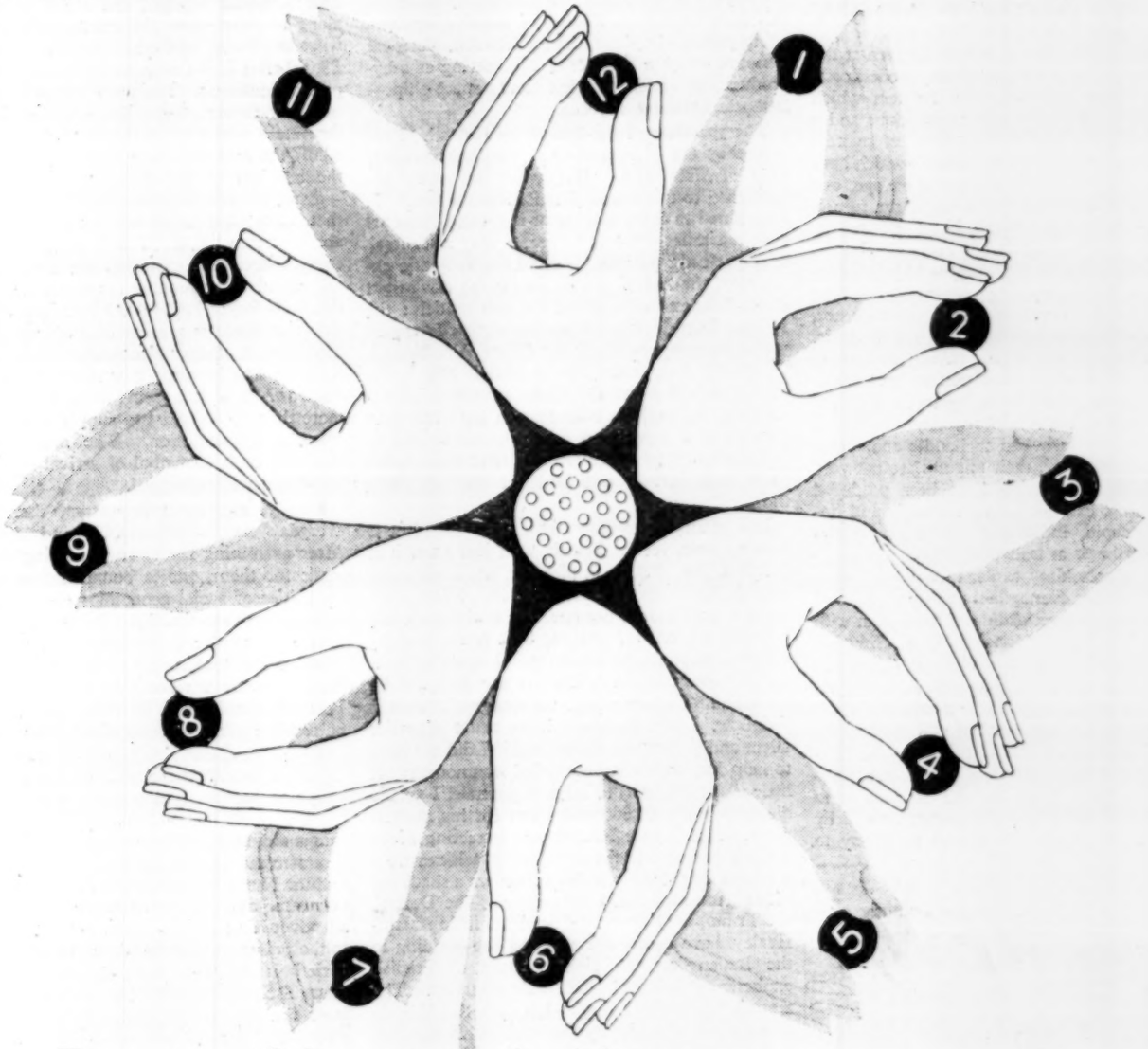
With several days to consult its oracle, the *Economist* announced that Sir Winston

> . . . has brought recent uncertainties to a temporary end. . . . By Christmas, however, all the recent rumours will have reappeared, fraying the Tory party's nerves ever nearer to the point of wanting Sir Winston to go if only to end the suspense.

The *Manchester Guardian* also referred to the efforts to persuade the Premier to retire. Sir Winston "knows his party has been getting restive; so he meets the aggrieved ones by freshening up the Government. A few of the older faces go and room is made for the thrusting young—or what passes for young in our rather aged society."

Press comment on the changes, in short, showed that Sir Winston had once more confounded both friends and enemies. The public—and the leader-writers—remain in the dark about his intentions. The only person Sir Winston seems to have pleased is himself.

QUEEQUEG



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At the Motor Show

THERE were three sorts of cars to be seen at the Motor Show this year: the workaday models costing up to £600 including tax; the cars which appear to exist to enable rich corporations and a few individuals to spend large sums of money; and the cars—from £1,000 to £2,000—which have Significant Form. About twenty years ago, one sometimes saw drawings of the car of the future. It is, as everyone has noticed, here; and it is so exactly like the forecast that it becomes obvious that the design was, in fact, imposed by imagination and not by engineering requirements. The designs of the American cars in the show are not, as we used to say, functional; they are romantic. They have little to do with the rules which would be followed to obtain a given performance under given conditions, and everything to do with the Western, above all the American, state of mind and spirit. They are awkward to handle and, using the word scientifically, their engines are not very efficient. They could only have been produced by an exciting, excited, wildly romantic and impractical people indifferent to such mealy-mouthed attributes as taste and utility.

There is a secondary explanation of the spectacular, sometimes even grotesque, appearance of these cars, and the overloading of the design with chromium ornament. Monsieur J. A. Grégoire, a distinguished French automobile engineer and inventor, has pointed out that radical innovators are regarded by mass-production manufacturers as a nuisance. Major fundamental changes in chassis or engine cost tens of millions—for tooling-up. Hence manufacturers with large markets tend to rely on bodies and accessories to supply selling points. The designers, assisted by market-research experts, must feel their way to the buyer's secret desire. Apparently, in America, this must be for the illusion of massive, opulent, shiny power. In short, the modern American car is not so much a product of engineering as a by-product of science-fiction and space-ships—fantastic, amusing, rococco.

The spectacle of the French cars is sad. I am sure they are very good cars; they are certainly very sensible cars. But what on earth has happened to the famous French eye for line? Is it confined to dress-making or is there, in that art also, a similar French failure, a new slackness? It is perfectly possible to avoid the romantic excesses of the Americans without being downright dull. Witness some of the English models: the 1½-litre Riley, rightly unchanged in line for seven years; witness, above all, the 2-litre Alfa-Romeo. Of all the four-seater saloon models this is the most handsome—its dry, clean, classical lines a standing reproach to both French and American designers. I expect it is a help to the Italians to live in a country where artifacts have been handsome and fiercely criticised for two or three thousand years.

It is gratifying to note that if the Italian line is leaner, purer, yet the British, with just a touch of the romantic, is quite as pleasing, and sometimes, notably in the sports cars, more so. Where have we suddenly found, not one, but a whole Pleiade of motor-car artists? Misled by a name—and by my admiration for Italian design—I asked whether the Swallow company's Doretti was designed by an Italian. Certainly not: the designer's name is Rainbow. Mr. Rainbow is an artist of major talent and perfect assurance; and if I did not have to help Mr. Butler supply lethal ironmongery (of little æsthetic merit) to exigent generals, I should gladly pay the £1,000-odd asked for his masterpiece. The Jaguar XK140 was attracting about the largest crowd in the show, for its achievements are legendary; for my taste its lines are a shade too plump, too round and Junoesque. The Doretti, the Triumph TR2, and the beautiful little Austin-Healey, have to my eye a better line—adding to the Italian just the right amount of English exuberance, but with admirable restraint. The restraint is, oddly enough—but it is the old tale of a money limit putting the artist on his mettle—less evident in the more expensive Frazer-Nash and Aston Martin, while, at the top price limit of the sports-car field, there is a really lamentable Bentley, whose designer has made the blunder of applying light car rules to an enormous chassis. I am sure it is a formidable car; but its looks depress me.

Its principal competitor must, I suppose, be the big Mercédes. This is a frankly horrifying car; it frightens me; it makes me sure that the people who are against rearming Germany are perfectly right. The ordinary Mercédes are quite handsome, undistinguished cars. But the sports car is science-fiction again—this time not on pulp, but in an expensive, burly volume for serious study by the High Command. The thing is beautiful in a grim, threatening way, sinister, too massive, too clever (what happens, with those gull-wing doors, if the thing turns over?), too powerful, absolutely Wagnerian. Many years ago that great artist in automobile designing, and notable eccentric, Ettore Bugatti, took leave of his usually sound senses and produced a monster car, an ironclad, steel riveted colossus of something like ten litres and very forbidding appearance. But this was an aberration, it was not *dans le vrai*, it did not stand for anything. The big Mercédes is representative of something one knows and is afraid of in the German tradition.

At the Rolls-Royce stand there were white-coated attendants with feather dusters, and every time someone touched the shine, they bustled along to clean away the marks. Quite so. For what are these, and other cars in the £5,000 to £8,000 class *for?* Obviously, not simply for transport or motoring. The price is that of a pleasant small estate with, say, a gem of a Georgian house. Or sixteen years' wages for a bus-driver. I readily admit the makers' claim that the Rolls-Royce is the best car in the world, and it is admirable—a sort of quiet ostentation which is engaging—that they have no truck with vulgar fictions about stream-lining. But it is surely true that every conceivable motoring amenity, mechanical and social, is obtainable for about £3,000. Can the Rolls-Royce be £4,000 better than that? It is true that there is a great deal of manual craftsmanship in these awesomely luxurious cars. Such an anachronism is surely a rather wanton "extra"? The fact seems to be that cars costing more than £3,000 exist to supply a need for conspicuous consumption. The acquisition of a Rolls-Royce is a symbol of arrival in the industrial-financial over-world.

Finally, and most important, there are the everyday cars, between £400 and about £600. After examining these, and studying the claims made for them, one is bound to marvel at the curiosities of social economics produced by private enterprise trading. Is there really any advantage to the community or the individual motorist in the existence of so many models? Is there honestly any *motoring* difference between Ford, Austin, Morris, Hillman . . . the list could be trebled? Almost certainly a single, standardised 10 h.p. chassis, with various types of body, say three, would fill the need, be cheaper to make, easier to service, and what is more important, could perhaps be *mechanically* better, safer. As things are, and despite the tendency of manufacturers to merge into such big groups as Rootes, and the Nuffield-Austin combine, competition involves too much attention being paid to the points an advertising agent can make, and not enough to the points an engineer could make. No doubt variety is desirable from the buyer's point of view also. It is well that he should enjoy at least the illusion of choice between what are effectively identical marques. But there is this to be said. The kind of improvements which make a car safer—improvements in suspension, sheer chassis strength, brakes, available power—are not readily explained to the buyer.

I doubt whether any of us are good judges of motor car value, for it takes an engineer to know what to look for—the way the brakes work, the way the wheels are fixed on, the quality of steel and so forth. We pretend to look and be interested, but in fact we take it for granted that all that has been taken care of. So it has, up to a point, and I doubt whether there is a positively bad or dangerous car on the market. But since in several respects a car costing £1,000, especially a sports car, is *safer,* because better, than the £500 car, it is true that price limitations lower the safety margin. It is possible that mergers of manufacturers into large groups *may* tend to produce cars in which more money is spent on mechanical improvements—and therefore ultimately on safety—and less on more obvious selling points. But short of imposing a kind of officially inspected, government-standard car on the public, which nobody would like, it will remain true that what counts with most buyers is appearance, comfort and, from time to time, novelty. For example, the German Volkswagen is not only pushing our people out of overseas markets, which we have hitherto dominated, but it is actually finding buyers in this country. Yet, frankly, when compared with

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Ford, Austin, Morris models, and above all the admirable new Hillman "utility," this German car is definitely not very good value. But—it has an air-cooled engine which is mounted at the back. Any *real* advantage? None whatever, and the engine, in the one I drove, is rough. But the difference is good fun, and people will pay for that. The fact is people don't just buy cars as they buy tools. They buy them as they buy toys.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Exodus

IT was a strange invitation—from a weeping woman, met by the roadside. She invited me to see her house, a one-floored cement rectangle on the edge of a vineyard in the valley. The house had a crude and clumsy finish, almost as if some monster being had taken a handful of wet concrete, slapped it on the earth, then cupped his hands to give it shape. That monster being had been her husband, who worked in the Trieste shipyards fifteen kilometres away. Every day for many years he had come to the edge of this vineyard, to add a little to his house. Meanwhile, for six years, ever since the fortunes of war had cast them out of territory that was once Italian, they had lived in a Trieste cellar. Now the house was finished and they were ready to move in. There was already a chair in one of the otherwise bare rooms. But the woman was crying because that day a slight hitch beyond her control had occurred. The Border Commission had assigned the house to Yugoslavia.

They had not asked anybody. They had suddenly appeared from nowhere, at the other end of the vineyard, and had planted a red flag and a yellow pole. An American officer had said where the pole was to go, and a British soldier had hammered it in, while the Yugoslav officers looked on. The visit was abruptly terminated by another woman, semi-hysterical, who ran past the house down the stony path to the village of Cerei, on the outskirts of Muggia, shouting apocalyptically, "They're coming! *Vengono!* They're coming!" A crowd of several hundred people had gathered on the banks at the side of the road. At the woman's shout, peasants emerged from the vineyards, carrying implements in their hands, and joined the crowd. The moment was so grave that even the vines could wait, perhaps for ever.

Like a tribe of strong invaders, the members of the boundary commission and their retinue came out of the bushes. A British police officer, an American major, a group of Yugoslav officers, with the red stars on their caps. . . . A British captain led them, slapping his thigh with a cane, and the others followed merrily, trying not to glance at the wake of wailing women behind them, following like the mourners at a Bosnian funeral. There was an indefinable, guilty air about the Border Commission, as if they were determined to brazen out some dastardly deed, as if they had all had a hand in killing somebody at the back of the bushes, but that they were in their rights (according to the Memorandum of Understanding).

They climbed into their jeeps, as armed police cleared the road, and drove off amid silence and isolated shouts of Death to Somebody from the betrayed people. The one, great historic moment of the village of Cerei (population 92) had been and passed. The lucky peasants returned to their vines, and the others broke up into small groups, some saying they were "safe," some cursing and crying, others mute and tight-lipped, but angry. What they looked like or said after the Commis-

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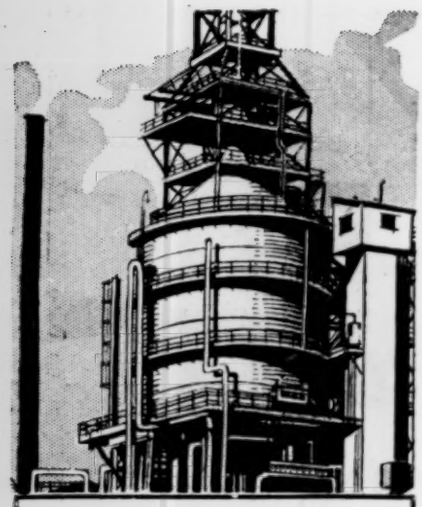

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sion had gone, was nobody's business. History had been made, and had passed them by.

It would go down in the history books that the new Italo-Yugoslav frontier ran through the village of Cerei, on the outskirts of Muggia, two kilometres from the Adriatic; but the faces of the people whose homes had been sacrificed would not go down in the history books. It would go down in history that this day, when the frontier was made, marked a new era in relations between the two Adriatic States. After that day there would be no more tension, save in those who had lost the homes where they were born. After that day, the Adriatic peoples would live in peace and good companionship, shaking hands over a dead strip of territory from which the inhabitants had fled at the sight of the new era.

As the sun was sinking behind the green hills of Istria into the Adriatic, we came to a house with the fatal splodge of yellow paint on it. The frontier, worked out with the aid of an instrument operated by a sergeant, ran through the kitchen of the house. An old, old man was loading his miserable goods and chattels on to an oxen-cart. He had no time for statements, save to say that he wanted to die in peace.

BRUCE RENTON

The Arts and Entertainment

ANCIENT AND MODERN

EVERYBODY today who is interested in art has seen either in reproduction, or in fact, examples of the palaeolithic cave paintings which have been unearthed during the past seventy years in France and Spain. Yet nobody is at all certain about the significance of this art. Archæologists have allotted the works to various prehistoric periods from 10,000 B.C. to 50,000 B.C.—though some think the latter figure an exaggeration by 30,000 years! Something is known about the technique with which these paintings and engravings were carried out. Most authorities are agreed that their purpose was somehow connected with hunting rituals—their subjects are mostly deer, horses and bison: very occasionally there are human figures and fish. But what deductions we should draw from the evidence of these works about the nature and origin of art itself, whether or not they were painted by "specialists," whether their original importance lay entirely in the doing of them and not at all in the achievement of their finished results—such questions remain unanswered. And it is for this reason, for the sake of these unsolved problems, that the present exhibition of copies of cave paintings and engravings at the Arts Council is interesting. We can all have our theories.

The copies have been made by the Abbé Breuil, who has done as much as any man during the past sixty years to establish the little we now know about palaeolithic art. The 65 copies include examples from Altamira, Lascaux, La Mouthe, Niaux and also South Africa. They clarify the originals—which were often painted one on top of the other—but retain very sensitively and accurately a great deal of their character. But, of course, the exhibition cannot begin to re-create the experience of visiting the caves themselves. This is partly because their scale is greatly reduced, partly because what is so staggering about the real paintings is the contrast between the finesse of their lines and the lumbering uneven rock surface on which they are painted, but above all because the impact of the actual caves is one of awe in the face of time, rather than one of wonder in the face of art.

Dr. Glyn Daniel remarks in his Introduction how "modern in feeling" cave art is. But I am sure that he would agree that it is exactly this that we must be on our guard against. It is more appropriate to think of these paintings as "deposits" than as "works of art." We should beware of projecting even the conception of art itself on to them. It is possible, for instance, that they were an almost *automatic* manifestation of some form of sense-perception that we no longer have or understand. Even the word "magic" to describe their purpose must be strictly defined. Professor George Thompson has concisely written that primitive magic "rests on the principle that by creating the illusion that you control reality you can actually control it." Nowadays the word is often used to mean the exact opposite. For example, a new gallery has just opened—Arthur Jeffress in Davies Street—and its blurb says that it will specialise in *Magic Realism*—"Realism enriched by dream and nostalgia and steeped in the mystery of the human condition." This sort of magic "rests on the principle that by creating the illusion that you can't control reality, you needn't."

Perhaps the most that one can say about the meaning of these cave paintings is that they move us by their extraordinary paradox: the paradox that they seem to spring from an intuitive understanding of animals such as man has never again equalled, and that at the same time their very existence graphically differentiates prehistoric man *from* the animal.

At the Beaux Arts there are a dozen paintings, all identically framed in red velvet under glass, which are called *Studies of a Dog in Movement.* Their painter is Denis Wirth-Miller. Their effect as one looks round the gallery is something like that of a still film sequence. The dog—a Boxer—is drawn in white or light fawn on a blackish unprimed background. He runs past, away, towards you, turns round, bolts. The canvasses also have something of the flickering drama of a film—he is like a dog caught in the beams of your headlights. Stylistically the painting owes a great deal to Francis Bacon. Wirth-Miller is obviously a talented young artist and his drawing as far as it goes is extremely skilful. But, nevertheless, I think these paintings fail. If the object of a work is to express movement, one must either explain the mechanism of the movements by fully investigating the structure of the forms concerned, or, like Bernini, one must make a whirling unity of lighting and shadow. Wirth-Miller does neither. He sacrifices form for the immediate effect of speed, and unity for shock value. Consequently one is brought up short—one jams the brakes on as it were—but after that there is nothing left to contemplate.

Also at the Beaux Arts there is a show of about sixty drawings—mostly nudes—and a few pieces of sculpture by Gaudier-Brzeska. After his very early death, Brzeska's talent was exaggerated, but nevertheless he did have a great deal. Later he might have fully resolved the conflict in his work: the conflict that emerges clearly from this exhibition. Probably arising from his sexual attitude (for his work is very highly sexed), he had at one and the same time an admiration for massive brute strength and a hypersensitive irritability. In some of his sculpture his admiration for strength made him crude; in some of his drawings his nervous irritability allowed the lines to run away with him and become merely calligraphic. The outstanding achievement of his animal drawings may well have been due to the fact that animals naturally combine strength and alertness. A number of the drawings in this show, however, prove that he was sometimes able to strike the same balance entirely within himself. There are a dozen drawings here which have the sort of control and energy that remind one of the legend of Nijinsky.

At the Redfern there is a large retrospective exhibition of Pinchus Kremegne, an emigré Russian fauve-impressionist whose work is in fact rather similar to that of the old painter Konchalovsky whom I met in Moscow. His show includes some attractive landscapes. Brian

Kneale's work at the same gallery is spiky, pessimistic, illustrative and highly romantic, but it may well develope and change a lot.

JOHN BERGER

THE OLD VIC

Love's Labour's Lost, the second production of the Old Vic this season, is one of the plays which has been rescued for us by recent productions—rescued in the sense that it has been shown that, well acted and imaginatively produced, it can be a pleasure, not just a curiosity or a duty. In particular Mr. Hugh Hunt's production for the last of the Old Vic's seasons at the New graced it with a style and a charm which are still vivid in the memory. Comparisons in the theatre are nearly always odious, for, unlike comparisons in the other Arts, where the canvas, the text or the score are there to be compared for those who take the trouble to refer to them, a performance or a production vanishes when the last curtain descends, and all that remains is the picture in the untrustworthy memory of the spectator. Still, Mr. Hunt's production is very recent, and it must be admitted that its lustre is increased rather than dimmed by the present one which is, at best, only workaday.

I am particularly sorry to record this because it is directed by Mr. Frith Banbury whose wholly admirable productions of *The Deep Blue Sea* and *Marching Song* (to mention only two excellent examples of his recent work) have shown his skill, sensitivity, intelligence and integrity. And, of course, the Old Vic is fulfilling one of its most important functions in giving to a director of such promise and achievement the chance to try his hand (for the first time, I understand) at Shakespeare. Mr. Michael Benthall, the director, has already shown that he regards it as one of the Vic's jobs to give young actors and actresses who have made their reputation outside the Classical theatre a chance to try the Shakespearean roles, and it is an admirable extension of the idea to give the same chance to directors. Still, it must be regretfully admitted that the result is in this case disappointing. Mr. Banbury seems to have been overawed by the Bard. His is a purely conventional shot at Shakespearean producing, which follows the prevailing fashion without adding any individual distinction. He puts the play on without any fuss or frills, but what it lacks above everything is style, and only style can carry off this thin situation of the young bucks who forswear the company of women for three years in order to devote themselves to their books.

Mr. Hunt was particularly lucky, perhaps, in having as his Berowne Mr. Michael Redgrave, whose style in high comedy is admirably finished. And what a difference the presence of even one highly polished actor can make to a cast. He sets the tone which the others, given any degree of skill, can play up to. The young Lords and their King in this production—Eric Porter, John Neville, Robert Hardy, Anthony White—are clever young actors on the way up. Mr. Eric Porter comes from the Birmingham Rep. and worked in the Gielgud season at the Lyric; he has a cutting edge to his personality and speaks verse lucidly but not very musically (he was much handicapped here by a horrid costume and make-up). Mr. John Neville has graduated from the Bristol Old Vic, and this is his second season in Waterloo Road. He has a personable appearance, a deep resonant voice and an enviably easy manner; but he seems to me to have been resting rather too easily on these qualities without advancing much. Mr. Hardy is a Stratford-on-Avon product—I should guess a most reliable actor who can be trusted to make something of any character part that comes his way (though too fond of the old man mannerisms I so dislike). If they are all over the place here, that is only natural, for they are just learning their jobs and are playing in a whole variety of different roles. In the absence of an experienced actor to give them a lead, only a director with a strong sense of style (and rehearsal time enough to impose it) could have made their share of the play work properly.

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ROBERT HALE

Nor was there an experienced actress among their opposites. Miss Ann Todd, new to Shakespeare, puts up a workmanlike performance; and Miss Virginia McKenna convinced me that of all the young players here she is likely to go farthest. She has not only attack, but an evident quality that makes itself felt in spite of inexperience.

Then Mr. Cecil Beaton, who designed the dresses and sets, was disappointingly unhelpful in the matter of style. Many of his dresses were sumptuous in their Bérardesque fashion, but they neither sorted well with the dull wodges of rectangular topiary which served for scenery, nor gave the necessary unity nor lift—their elegance signified nothing. The clowns I found staidly old-fashioned in their idea of humour, but admittedly it is hard work extracting laughs at this date from Dull and Costard. Mr. Laurence Hardy produced a quiet glum pedant for Holofernes—effective in its way. There remained for real pleasure only the tottering grandeur of Mr. Paul Rogers's Armado, a creature of pity falling perpetually, as it were, from a high splendour with every word he uttered—and accompanied by a pert and brisk little Moth in Master Bunny May.

How thoroughly dislikeable to modern taste, by the way, is the end of this play, where the Nobles bring on the yokels to act their Worthies simply in order to make fun of them, and keep up a running commentary of bad-mannered barracking. Shakespeare was evidently pleased with this idea, for he uses it again in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and it is just as odious there.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

IN the current issue of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (B.B.C. 2s. 6d.)—regrettably, the last which will appear—Sir Ian Jacob writes on "The Tasks Before the B.B.C. Today." One of these, though Sir Ian puts it second whereas I would put it first, "is to regulate sensibly the relationship between sound and television broadcasting as the balance changes. At present there are about 12,000,000 households equipped with radio sets, of which 3,500,000 are also equipped with television. The latter figure is growing at about 800,000 a year. It will thus be many years before television can be regarded as universal." Sir Ian concludes:

> If we set as our provisional aim comprehensive and balanced sound and television services, and place the complete achievement of this aim at some point between seven and ten years hence, we may not be far wrong. The task is to move steadily towards that point without dislocation, without depriving people, wherever they may be, of a full and varied service, and with an appropriate amalgam of national and regional contributions.

Yes indeed; and yet isn't Sir Ian being altogether too cautious in his estimate of the time needed in order to get "comprehensive and balanced sound and television services"? For as soon as one stops thinking in terms of licence-figures and thinks instead in terms of actual listeners and watchers, one gets a very different picture of the position as it is today. This is provided by the latest release of the B.B.C. Press Service on listening and viewing trends, which shows that on any given evening from July to September of this year, 46 per cent. of the population tuned in to B.B.C. programmes were watching TV. In other words, already almost half the customers have, for most purposes, deserted sound for vision, and by this time next year, it seems safe to assume, more than half will have done so. This suggests that Sir Ian's prospect of "a somewhat decreased output of sound radio" is in the nature of an understatement.

Whatever B.B.C. policy may be, the fact remains that sound broadcasting and television are in competition with each other and that, so far as whole areas of the public are concerned, sound broadcasting is losing the battle. Yet sound broadcasting itself, for reasons outside the B.B.C.'s control, is not by any means as efficient as it ought to be. The excellent *B.B.C. Handbook, 1955* (B.B.C. 5s.) throws an interesting light on this. "Satisfactory reception" is now available, it is claimed, to 98 per cent. of Light Programme listeners, 90 per cent. of Home Service listeners, 68 per cent. of Third Programme listeners. There are, then, still a considerable proportion of listeners who are unable to get the programmes they want to listen to; and it is surely a fact that over the past few years reception conditions have become worse, not better. Indeed, one of the quite unexpected pleasures of TV is the much better quality of the sound. In this respect, sound itself will only be able to compete on equal terms with TV when the V.H.F. stations come into operation.

In this interregnum before a "comprehensive and balanced sound and television service" is achieved, what can sound broadcasting do to ensure that it conducts at least a fighting retreat? The problem does not affect all services equally. It scarcely touches the Third, for instance, which will, one supposes, remain much as it is though all other services close down: it will remain as an indispensable enclave of imagination and learning. No one could seriously expect to find serial readings of Dante's *Inferno* on TV, even assuming that vision added anything to them; and such a play as Ugo Betti's *The Queen and the Rebels*, in Mr. Henry Reed's translation, is so exciting in its own right and as an introduction to a dramatist unknown in this country that the addition of vision would be an almost inconceivable luxury.

No, the problem really affects the Home Service and the Light, and the solution seems to me to consist almost entirely in boldness, either in doing what TV has neglected to do or in producing programmes of such interest that the viewer, assuming he looks at his *Radio Times*, is induced to switch off his TV set and suffer sound alone. It happens that the Light is currently putting out a series of programmes of the kind of boldness I mean: the twice-weekly *Harding Interviews*. This is almost the first time that the especial talents of Mr. Gilbert Harding have been properly used by the B.B.C. Mr. Harding is a man of power, but power of a sort difficult to harness. In these programmes, to judge at any rate from the second, his interview with Dr. Robert Hutchins, it looks as though it is harnessed at last.

There is another way in which the services for mass audiences can go down fighting, and that is, paradoxically, by providing programmes that demand the extra dimension of vision for their completion. We had three such last week, *Public Enquiry*—into trade unions—from the North, *In Town Tonight* and the ever-delightful *Asian Club*, which originates in the B.B.C. Far Eastern Service. During the interregnum we must expect to see many more programmes common to sound and TV, and, so long as neither is inhibited by the requirements of the other, this will be all to the good.

As to the "comprehensive and balanced sound and television service" when it comes, the key to that is surely in Sir Ian Jacob's remark that "there is no such thing as 'the public' as some kind of solid block. There are 50,000,000 people with an immense variety of interests, capabilities, tastes and perceptions." These the sound services of the B.B.C. succeed in catering for pretty well. The Television Service cannot possibly do so until it can offer at least an alternative programme.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Bread, Love, and Dreams," at the Curzon
"We, the Women," at the Cinephone
"Neapolitan Fantasy," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Film festivals are of all kinds, seasidey and dour, *avant-garde* and back-door, strictly political, hopefully commercial. We have one on our doorstep, Italian. If anyone wonders what constitutes a festival, why here it is: half a score of films, stars and magnates arriving by plane, a couple of receptions, cocktails, a telephone number in Fleet Street. It began last year in the most happy-go-lucky way; one turned up at a time and place mentioned, half an hour later one would see a

film—rarely the one advertised. Still, by these means I saw *Miracle in Milan* and *Two Pennyworth of Hope*, and came rather to enjoy the method, which raised expectation and sometimes satisfied it.

All that has gone. Performances run on time. Films are as announced. Great thrills and deep disappointments seem unlikely. It's generally understood that the whole point is to sell celluloid. Royalty attends. Gossip thrives. And we, who are not easily festive, find ourselves waiting for the good film.

Perhaps *Bread, Love, and Dreams* is almost that. Certainly it beguiles with its humours of the Carabinieri—a body, it seems, loyally torn between swagger and monasticism—a mountain village, and a barefoot beauty with a donkey, whose longings—not the donkey's—are the delight of the neighbourhood. Vittorio de Sica is the new, middle-aged Commandant, ripe for settling down, but also for a last scandalous fling: to wit, the donkey girl. She is the Goddard waif of *Modern Times* set loose on a mountainside. How she screams, wheedles and makes eyes, and how chaste she is! Gina Lollobrigida puts plenty into it, and indeed quite captivates. She falls in love with the most handsome and monkish of the young Carabinieri—who unfortunately in a dumb part gives a dumber performance—and that is, or almost is, the Commandant's chance. The comedy rolls easily, the stock figures of curé and old spy-glass and female match-maker fit neatly, some more original play is made with a busy and personable midwife, and it all ends with true pairings and gala as it should. Yes, a success for its stars and for its director, Commencini; but it hardly lifts the roof off. A pleasant firework to a festival, with the big bangs to follow.

What in fact has followed, so far, has been a couple of studio rag-bags. The first gives a wearisome picture of girls going for a screen test, and this is succeeded—goodness knows why—by four anecdotes of film-stars made by four directors. Bergman, as a change from being burnt at the stake, chases a neighbour's hen round the bushes, with murder and roses in her heart; and whether this is more funny-peculiar or peculiar-funny I leave to others to decide. Of the other three, two are thin and pathetic, and only Magnani, having a royal row with a taxi-driver, brings a flicker of spree to this most unconvincing game of, What are they like in real life?

Neapolitan Fantasy tries to give us Naples and song and ballet in a phantasmagoria flitting on sentimental wings through the ages. It kicks off disastrously with a frightful bit of op-op-opera about a cave-lady ravished by Moors and driven to jump off a cliff when her singing man comes home from the sea. It could hardly again wallow as low as this; and at times—with Gigli, for example, going full tilt on a painter's cradle outside the window of a night-shirt stranger who might be Flaubert—amusement does step in by the right door. But the general effect on me was of a Neapolitan *Aan*.

At the very last instant comes an invitation to see de Sica's *Umberto D*, and to hear him talk. That's more the old style! Once more I am hopeful!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Joan of Arc at the Stake," at the Stoll

Reading the Claudel/Honegger *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, or hearing it in concert or broadcast, we can perceive the dramatic shape: Joan and Dominic are still, central speaking-voice figures; around them, to music, swirl four key-scenes from the saint's life. But Roberto Rossellini, in the current production at the Stoll, has reduced this shape to a straggle. On the stage, a charade; in the pit, a fumbling account of the orchestral score; in the auditorium itself, clustered in grand-tier boxes on either side, the under-sized choir and feeble soloists. The execution kills the work. A provincial opera chorus would be ashamed of such village-pageant movement. The stage, in perpetual shadow, looks hideous; it is set by a high platform running evenly from wing to wing and a flat sky-cloth where coloured stars, sometimes overlaid by magic-lantern slides, rival a Piccadilly advertisement. Costumes are pantomime stock. Then there is Ingrid Bergman, who has evidently decided not to act, but rather to declaim the English translation with an expression basically unhappy, varied by a winning smile. Her voice is not apt for oration in a large theatre, and the Swedish-American pronunciation inhibits communication of either poetry or sense. *Joan of Arc at the Stake* is an impressive work, but Mr. Rosellini conceals this; even if we imagined that, instead of a scratch company, the full resources of an opera-house were at work—a first-rate orchestra and a chorus who could sing and act—the effect would still be vitiated by a production which plays each episode for its own effect, and fails to keep Joan in the centre.

A. P.

"Bell, Book and Candle," at the Phoenix Theatre

Mr. John van Druten is one of the most expert confectioners in theatre business on either side of the Atlantic. He can judge to the last drop of almond essence how much bitterness to mix with how much sweet. This is not, of course, calculation, so much as an instinct or a flair; but it is a flair that has been continuously cultivated and assiduously worked at, so that the products are always highly professional. What is unfair to them is to produce them even a short time after they are turned out, for taste is notoriously fickle and nothing is less right than yesterday's mode in confectionery, as much as in hats. Doubtless two or three years ago, shortly after the success of *Harvey*, the appearance on Broadway of witches in Knightsbridge seemed a more extravagant idea than it does in the Charing Cross Road to-day. Of course we all know "witches" of different degrees, but if that is the idea, it needed a great more fantasy to develop the notion. It is the sort of trick that Cocteau might have compelled with a wave of his theatrical wand, Mr. van Druten's wand is theatrical enough—witness his production of *The King and I* or his adaptation of *I am a Camera*, but it is without the right kind of magic. If the play all the same runs merrily along, that is a joint tribute to the expertise of the playwright and that of the actors. Mr. Rex Harrison is the most polished of the charm school comedians, able to extract a sympathetic smile from us at even the most routine of predicaments (and he is given intermittently a good deal more than that). Miss Lilli Palmer attacks with all her guns of vitality and looks, and Mr. David Evans comes as near the fantastic as the script allows. Miss Athene Seyler makes a few brief irrelevant intrusions seem somehow idiotically relevant, and Mr. Wilfrid Lawson makes one even less relevant intrusion seem for its brief moment more important than anything else that happens. Wisely, for the comedy's sake, he is not allowed on again.

T. C. W.

No. 34 TITE STREET: OCT. 16, 1954

In the grey October morning
We stood in the crowd at the back,
Outside the house in Tite Street
To watch them unveil a plaque,
Ironically, now, enveloped
In—of all things—a Union Jack.

We looked at the house in Tite Street,
Tall and ugly and red,
And thought of that sheriff's auction
And wondered what *he* would have said
When his long-veiled name was unveiled again
Among Chelsea's respectable dead.

We welcomed him back to Tite Street,
The victim of English laws,
For fifty years in Reading Gaol
Is enough for any cause,
So we clapped to see justice done at last:
He was always fond of applause.

And we hoped that in that audience
There were no other men
To whom we could bring such ruin
And then undo it again
By unveiling, fifty years after,
A little blue plaque in the rain.

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Batsford

Correspondence

LABOUR'S PHILOSOPHY

SIR,—In your last issue, Wilfred Fienburgh makes reference to speeches of mine which have apparently given rise to misconception. May I be permitted to state my views on the subjects to which he refers?

1. I do think it is one of Labour's major achievements, not only to have built the general structure of the Welfare State, but to have implanted the concept of the Welfare State so deeply in the national conscience that no party which advocated an undisguised and broadside attack upon it could hope to win an election or survive long in office. When one speaks of the "social revolution" since 1945, it in my view consists no less in the change in men's ideas than in the change in our manner of life. As a result, whether they like it or not, the Conservatives have been constrained to follow in our wake so far as the broad pattern of the Welfare State is concerned, sometimes very far behind and with many sinister backward and sideways movements which in opposition we have tried hard to prevent, in many instances unsuccessfully. Personally I think we are entitled to take credit for this general change of direction, because it was rendered inevitable very largely by the tremendous impulse in that direction given by the Labour Government. To say, however, that this means Labour's main task is achieved in the sense that little remains to be done is obviously ludicrous, and one need only consider, for example, our schools, old age pensioners and housing to see what nonsense any such assertion would be. On the contrary, I think the need to work for a planned economy based on full employment, high output and consumption becomes, as world events progress, more, not less urgent. Since 1951 we have been living in a period of comparatively buoyant world trading conditions. The real test will come when these conditions are disturbed, and it is then that every possible mechanism that a fully planned economy can create will have to be called into operation to protect workers' living standards.

Magnanimous Seer

'A most benevolent, magnanimous Seer'

So Maurice Richardson described Rudolf Steiner in his *New Statesman* review of **A SCIENTIST OF THE INVISIBLE**, by the Ven. A. P. Shepherd, D.D. Steiner himself would claim more. He taught of a new and esoteric world, in comparison with which the physical world is unreal. He devoted himself to calling mankind from scientific materialism, to an experience and understanding of the spirit background of human life, in which lay both the origin and destiny of mankind. Canon Shepherd here presents the teaching of Steiner for the first time in a form accessible and intelligible to the non-specialist reader, in the belief that the knowledge of reality which Steiner possessed has an important contribution to make to the solution of modern problems. 12/6 net

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

2. I did say and do think that, important as is the task at home, still more important is the sphere of activity for Labour overseas—success in which conditions our success at home—I mean, in Commonwealth relationships, Africa, the under-developed territories, and more important than all in trying to create conditions in which the beginnings of a general, not unilateral, disarmament will be possible. I am quite impenitent in my opposition to Communism, and I do think the need to resist it is forced upon us as a major objective in international affairs. The means by which it is to be resisted must be both economic, by assisting to raise living standards in areas of the world where Communism makes its appeal, and strategic, by maintaining a system of collective security on an adequate though not excessive scale. As to the "overthrow of Soviet Communism," my personal belief is that much as we may dislike the system, we will have to wait for the process of change, long, unfortunately, as it may take, from its present totalitarian form, to come from within the Soviet system itself, and faint signs at the moment of the first possible stirrings of such a change may perhaps be not over-optimistically thought to be discernible. I am no apologist for the Tsarist regime; but I do think that had the Soviet dictatorship not come about, Russia would have moved more surely and more quickly towards true democracy than it possibly can under Soviet dictatorship.

3. With regard to income tax, as we move gradually towards a more egalitarian form of society, and as, with the progressive (though periodically interrupted) shift of the national income front dividends and rents to wages and salaries the incomes of more and more wage and salary earners move up into the scale at which the full standard rate of tax is chargeable, it is not unuseful to ask ourselves what should be the normal standard rate of tax at which we should on a long-term view aim. By "normal" I mean normal in the sense that the present urgent demands on the national purse for social needs and defence are less pressing. It may well be that in this sense we will not for a long time have a "normal" standard rate, and when there are pressing social needs to be satisfied out of the general national income they must determine the standard rate. On this basis, I myself think that 9s. in the £ is too high to adopt as the "normal" or permanent standard rate to be asked of what will be, I hope, in the course of time as our social system changes and living standards and earned incomes rise, the great majority or, at least, a high proportion of wage and salary earners. But just as it is a major purpose of our social endeavour to prevent the accumulation of excessive wealth in the hands of those with high incomes, so, if the standard rate is reduced, should surtax rates on higher incomes be correspondingly adjusted in such a way as to prevent a distortion of the broad redistribution of the flow of national income at which we have been aiming by our taxation system. This is what the Labour Government did when the standard rate was reduced to 9s. in 1945. Equally, at the other end of the income scale, to safeguard those for example who live on pensions and at wage rates which do not bring them into the standard rate scale, appropriate adjustments should be made in expanding allowances and extending the ranges of income at which lower rates than the standard rates are charged.

With regard to tax evasion, I do think this is serious, though how widespread and how much is lost it is in the nature of things very difficult to estimate; and this problem is the more difficult because it may in practice perhaps be hardly possible beyond a certain point to check it by legislative change or enforcement. FRANK SOSKICE

House of Commons.

THE NEW LOYALTY

SIR,—Mr. Crossman's article on "The Plight of U.S. Liberalism," in your issue of October 16, is very much to the point. It is indeed the New Loyalty which lies at the heart of the crisis of civil liberty and intellectual freedom in the United States today. Your readers may be interested in the following excerpt from a recent hearing of the Un-American Activities Committee which I think defines the New Loyalty, and the attitude one is supposed to adopt toward it, with unexampled clarity. Mr. Clardy is a member of the Committee, Mr. Lucas the witness:

Mr. Clardy: Well, don't you recognise that the Communist Party is a conspiracy dedicated to the destruction of the very freedom that you are talking about? Don't you see that?

Mr. Lucas: Well, that is a question that sort of prejudges my answer to it. It would—

Mr. Clardy: Let me interrupt you.

Then you are telling me that you are not yet convinced that the statement I made is 100 per cent. correct, and so long as you are not sure of that, sir, to me you are not a good American citizen.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Wilton, New Hampshire.

ANOTHER LESSON FOR MR. DEAKIN

SIR,—Your comment on the front page of the last issue states: "Mr. Williamson, of the Municipal and General Workers, is just as bad," and leaves it at that.

That there has been no major strike or complaint by members of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers for a generation should lead to a closer examination. Mr. Williamson's great advantage is that his organisation has always been decentralised with largely autonomous District Committees. Even if they do not attend their Branch meetings, members of the N.U.G. & M.W. are never far away from the centre of their organisation.

14 Matham Road, DENNIS GORDON
East Molesey.

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—During the last week or two there have been a number of reports in the press of discriminatory practices in the employment of Negroes in Britain. The men mostly affected are workers and artisans who are seeking work in factories and workshops.

Mrs. Mackay's letter in your journal last week is, therefore, rather misleading. By quoting isolated instances of Jamaicans who were fortunate to secure employment she seems to turn a blind eye to the thousands of African and West Indian workers who are permanently unemployed in these days of full employment.

We are aware that public bodies, such as the British Railways, are showing the lead by taking on Africans and Asians as porters and ticket collectors. But the real problem lies in the re-education of the private employer. In this regard, help is particularly requested from the press. OLU BASSIR,
President.

United Nigerian Committee,
15 Hillrise Road, N.19.

AFRICAN KINGDOM

SIR,—Your correspondent's article on Ethiopia is misleading. He states without any qualification that the Tigreans and Danakils "have been dealt with," but does not give a single example. On the contrary, is your correspondent aware of the many development schemes that have been launched in these areas? Is he aware of the fact that the Ethiopian Government has, since federation, been subsidising the Eritrean budget and also Eritrean development programmes?

He says that "Moslem schools have been closed." This is unfounded; many Moslem schools have recently been opened in Eritrea, Danakil, Somaliland and other parts of the country, in addition to the existing ones. He states that "the teaching of Arabic is forbidden." This is far from the truth. Arabic is taught not only in the numerous Moslem schools, but also in the Holy Trinity College of Addis Ababa!

He deplores the fact that "Sultanates no longer exist," but does not mention that neither do the Tigre and Amhara Kingdoms exist any longer. Does he not realise that today they have all merged into a single State?

He does a great injustic to the excellent Ethiopian Education Scheme when he states that every young man before he is sent abroad has to fulfil conditions to guarantee his future "good behaviour." I assure you, sir, that the only condition that qualifies a student to continue his studies abroad is that he must pass his examinations satisfactorily. It is not true

that the student "must have a strong man to support him . . .", neither is it true that he "must produce Ethiopian citizens who will produce financial deposit . . .", as your correspondent alleges. I never experienced any one of those difficulties when I came over here, nor have any of the 300 or so students studying outside Ethiopia. S. HABLE-SELASSIE

CONDITIONS IN PORTUGAL

SIR,—Your issue of August 14 contained an article by T. R. Powle entitled "Salazar at Home," making various misleading remarks regarding Portuguese life.

1. The apparently large number of policemen which he states he saw in the streets are merely responsible for controlling traffic—both vehicles and pedestrians—and avoiding violence or fines. Those whom he saw travelling on the trams are ordinary passengers, since they have the right to free transport. Should he desire to corroborate this information he could apply to the Tramway Company itself, which is actually an English concern.

2. The death penalty was abolished in Portugal in 1852, and in the Overseas Provinces in 1870, and not in 1920 as the author states.

3. The author also shows himself to be regrettably ignorant of the facts regarding the percentage of illiterates in Portugal, to say nothing of the great work which has been done since 1926.

The results obtained from the education policy adopted by the Portuguese Government are clearly visible in the drop in the percentage of illiteracy since 1930. This has dropped considerably in all sectors of the population, but the most notable difference is seen in children of school age (between 7 and 11). The official statistics are as follows:

	between 7 and 11	over 11 years of age
1900 ..	83%	74%
1930 ..	73%	61%
1940 ..	46%	49%
1950 ..	20%	40%

4. The country had to be appropriately turned over to the Corporative Organisation—precisely because the change in the administrative system was not effected for political but for economic and social reasons—and those responsible therefore turned back to the country's tradition and sought that which had not been swamped by 20th-century trusts, liberalism or *laissez-faire*, so that the result could be built up logically and solidly, instead of starting out to destroy everything and replacing it with a facade.

We would further venture to inquire whether the author in making his allusions to the stability of prices and the easy conclusion of low wage level (which, however, he greatly exaggerates) also noticed that the people appear to be healthy and by no means miserable? Did he also notice that the standard of living is continually rising on all sides and will continue to do so, since there is no crisis to be found either in unemployment or capital? Improvements may also be seen in the farming processes, the investments and the results of production and welfare. The very reference which he makes to the increasing number of cars—even if such did not demonstrate that this means of transport (he should also honestly refer to motor-bus transportation) was now within the reach of the totality of the population—would at least show an increase in the number of well-to-do people—a fact for which he gives no explanation.

Towards the end of his article he does offer an explanation for this phenomenon. Since there are no wealthy classes, nor discontent "at the other end of the social scale," the Portuguese Government has reached a compromise (i.e. an honest balance) between freedom and authority, and achieved harmony amongst what are generally termed social classes, so that all live together in a communion of interests based on equity, naturally looking forward like elsewhere, but sure of getting it through work and initiative, for better wages, normal incomes and Christian brotherhood.

Secretariado Nacional da Informacão, Lisbon. A. TAVARES DE ALMEIDA *Chief of Services*

CÉZANNE

SIR,—The critic who joins issue with Roger Fry on any question concerning Cézanne, even though Fry has been dead for twenty years, displays great courage. Benedict Nicolson, however, has ignored certain opinions of Fry which would have impaired his argument.

For instance, in attempting to make an already obvious point to the effect that each age chooses the quality it needs from Cézanne, he states that Fry perceived the architecture of the landscapes and other qualities, while "we on the other hand respond to his deep familiarity with the Provençal countryside. . . ." Do we then today not perceive the architecture of the landscapes? Certainly a reading of Fry's study of Cézanne clearly reveals that the author was fully alive to the various qualities which Mr. Nicolson enumerates as peculiar to the perception of this age.

In seeking to refute both Fry and Gowing and, I claim, countless other students of Cézanne, in their shared opinion that many of his early works were Baroque in character, the argument, as is so often the case, seems to me to turn on a word. Baroque or mannerist? Whose definition? In any case, Fry was, of course, referring to the nature of the artist's vision, not to his draughtsmanship or treatment; and after looking at such works as La Barque de Dante, Après, Delacroix, l'Enlèvement and La Tentation de Saint Antoine, I fail to see how anyone can disagree that Cézanne at the time believed himself a visionary and was seeking to express his vision, "the agitation of his inner life" in terms which most of us comprehend as Baroque. The fact that he lacked the gift of illustration in no way invalidated his Baroque spirit, although it did, of course, affect very seriously his ability to materialise it. We owe profound gratitude to Pissaro and contemporary critics for his gradual emergence from "black Baroque" into a philosophy through which he became one of the greatest of all great masters. A. H. FRANKS

Richmond.

APOLLINAIRE

SIR,—In his review of Marcel Adéma's *Apollinaire*, Mr. Geoffrey Brereton gives a very partial picture of Apollinaire, and, I feel, misrepresents some of the facts about him. He is of course entitled to his opinion that Apollinaire is only a minor figure in modern European poetry; but to support this he chooses merely one aspect of his work, and that the most open to attack, in order to disparage him completely. As he himself says over another matter: "It is too easy." Apollinaire's love of modernity and his sometimes odd and ludicrous experiments in its cause are particularly vulnerable: but they form only one side of the picture. On the other is the poet of tradition and order, who throughout his life (and indeed at the time of his death it was in this direction that he was again veering) wrote the many lovely lyrical poems Mr. Brereton does not mention.

I would venture, too, to disagree with Mr. Brereton's statement that most young Frenchmen regard him with contempt. Which young Frenchmen? There are, of course, always, and particularly in France, young men ready to tilt against an established reputation. On the contrary, since the end of the war, Apollinaire's prestige has considerly increased, and he is now included in the syllabus of the Sorbonne, a fact which does not necessarily prove his greatness as a poet, but which belies the charge that he is regarded "back home as a fifth-rate dilettante."

Mr. Brereton tends also to exaggerate the facts about Apollinaire's misfortunes as a young man. His life was hard, as it was for most of his contemporaries, but not entirely for Mr. Brereton's reasons. His mother did not *keep* changing lovers: she stuck to one, Jules Weil, for many years at this time. Apollinaire most probably did know who his father was; if he did not divulge his identity it was not through shame but from an innate love of mystery. Not all women "stalled him off" (of the five women in his life, Marie Laurencin did at one time want to marry him, and Madeleine, his fiancée, and Jacqueline, his wife, were completely devoted), but he rather liked the "*mal-aimé*" role. And if the cultural centre of Paris ever eluded him, it was not for long. By the time he was twenty-seven, he was already a well-known and widely liked figure, and by 1912 he was one of the leading personalities in the French literary scene.

MARGARET DAVIES

DENT

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Books in General

THE Collected Works of Jung are being published in seventeen large volumes.* The editors are Sir Herbert Read, for the publishers, and two well-known Jungian analysts, Dr. Michael Fordham and Dr. Gerhard Adler. The books are substantial and admirably produced; the more expensive have a considerable number of plates. Students should note that every volume "contains material that either has not previously been published in English or is being newly published in revised form." Most of the texts have been specially translated for this definitive edition. The volumes, which are not appearing in consecutive order, may be ordered in sets or bought separately.

This is a notable publishing enterprise, which probably owes something to the support of the Bollingen Foundation in America. It was planned at the right time so that Dr. Jung, now in his eightieth year, was able to work with his editors. Fortune has favoured him here. But then perhaps she has always favoured him. And there is much to be said for having a few great thinkers who do not regard themselves as the plaything of a malevolent fate.

Jung was fortunate in his Swiss nationality. The two world wars left him besieged but not overwhelmed. He has not known the bitter bewilderment of exile. He has lived and worked at the European crossroads. Like most educated Swiss, he is an excellent linguist; his command of English, both in writing and talk, is exceptional. He inherited the powerful physique of a mountain peasantry; he could do three men's work and still find time and energy for play; his outlook has never been clouded by persistent ill health: a massive, formidable man, but easily roused to laughter, and on good terms with this life. He has been able to undertake long journeys. In addition to his impressive clinical work, he has conducted seminars, given innumerable lectures (which form the basis of much of this material), plunged into the most complicated and arduous research, with an astonishing breadth of scholarship, and yet has had sufficient energy and zest to be a family man, a good citizen, a lively companion, an enjoyer of life. He has been, in every possible sense of the familiar term, a big man.

Much of the thought and literature of our time has obviously had a compensatory basis. It has been created, with a certain violent defiance, by invalids, dwarfs, lame ducks, victims of fate who have been determined to be its conquerors. It is impressive and often achieves intensity—a quality overvalued by people who lack energy themselves—because there is in it a suggestion of implacable defiance, a hint, too, of vengeance. Such thinkers and writers drive us into strange blind alleys, where sooner or later dreadful things may happen. But on the highway, in the sunlight, are those fortunate men (they never wish to uproot and destroy the Past) who are extraordinary not because of some ferociously compensated twist but because they seem to be ordinary men writ large, men who are broadly based and proceed from an excess of both energy and sensibility, whose thought and literature come from a fullness of life. They are, in Bernard Berenson's excellent phrase, the "life-enhancers." And one of the greatest in our age, which needs them so badly, is Carl Gustav Jung.

Thirty years ago, when we had to chatter about psychoanalysis to be in the swim at all, the names of Freud, Adler and Jung were more or less equally bandied about. Then as the grim Thirties approached, we heard more and more about Freud, who appeared to take the lead in this marathon of the mind-healers. (I write, of course, as a layman and make no pretence of knowing what was happening in the inner circles of psychotherapy.) But in the late Thirties, overshadowed by the vast Hitler lunacy, Jung, with his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, which could be appreciated by the non-specialist, seemed to shoot ahead. Towards the end of the War, we lost the chief Jungian here, H. G. Baynes, but not before he had roused new interest in Jung's theories by his *Germany Possessed*, which at least made an attempt to explain to intelligent readers why they now found themselves spending their evenings in air-raid shelters. This Analytical Psychology, many people now felt, was capable of facing the problems raised by the War. Jung's works had a place in most good bookshops.

Just after the War there was an ugly little campaign to discredit him. It was put about that he had been pro-Nazi, was markedly anti-Semitic, a political reactionary, and so on. I had occasion to inquire into the truth of these charges, and found the more important of them quite false. He may in passing have overrated Mussolini, but then so did a great many other people, including Shaw and Wells. (I remember—as who wouldn't—arguing with this formidable pair on this very topic.) And on Germany Dr. Jung had no illusions. He declared in the Twenties, not venturing into political prophecy but by way of his own line of thought, that these strange people would explode in fury and madness. Here it may be observed that the references in Jung to rival systems are marked by a tolerance, fairness and good manners often hard to find among his hostile critics.

Whatever may have happened in the lecture-rooms and clinics since the War, it cannot be denied that outside them, especially among religious and social philosophers, Jung has attracted more and more attention. I admit to some bias here, but I have found that a high proportion of recent books that show some real insight into our problems and dilemmas, contain grateful references to Jung and exhibit some understanding of his work. There is now a Jungian outlook, a Jungian approach. The wide and hopeful view from that lakeside in Zurich is affectionately remembered. And I for one will be disappointed if the religious and social philosophers are not soon joined by the historians and the critics of the arts, to our great gain. Outside his purely professional work, there is in the scattered profusion of Jung's writings a loose breadth that is to his advantage here, offering theorists and critics of our manners, habits, institutions and arts a hundred points of departure. If it should be discovered that his Analytical Psychology, as a method of psychotherapy, makes too great demands on its practitioners, asking in vain for scores of robust geniuses like himself—and here a layman can say nothing—it is certain that these massive volumes will not lie neglected on library shelves, for they will be consulted more and more by men, hard at work in other fields, who will recognise their author as one of the great formative influences of our time.

The commonest charge against Jung, generally made with that odd irritability which seems to infect so many persons who pretend they have ice-cold intellects, is that either he is "metaphysical" or "mystical." (The quotation marks are necessary because these words are often used, as for example all Marxists use them, as vague terms of abuse—as indignant schoolgirls use "frightful" and "beastly.") But a good deal of so-called scientific theorising, outside the realm of pure science, imposes itself on the unwary by ruthless oversimplication and the convenient disregard of awkward facts. It is in truth more metaphysical than scientific. Now Jung's hypothesis of the Collective Unconscious is bold and startling. But it does fit facts—*e.g.*, the fantasies of psychosis, the common inheritance of symbols—not accounted for, often simply ignored, by more cautious theorists. True, it is not well named, and is often attacked quite mistakenly. As Dr. Ira Progoff, one of Jung's best commentators, has pointed out: "It is not collective in the ordinary sense of something that is a joint possession. It is collective rather in the sense that as something generically present in *man*, it is collectively held." We have each our Personal Unconscious—Freud's lumber-room and cupboard-for-skeletons—but we also inherit deeper levels of the psyche just as we inherit our physical structure and organs. Our innumerable ancestors have given us a thinking-and-feeling pattern just as they have given us a digestive system. We are not served by a group liver or collective kidneys (though it may come to that, perhaps) but though we possess these organs individually, we can hardly claim that we invented them ourselves. And some of the people who declare with most heat that all talk of Collective Unconscious is simply bosh, are obviously the victims of forces in themselves they cannot begin to understand. Jung has told us over and over again that modern man is in peril—and that fact nobody can deny—just because he refuses, as men in one way or another have never refused before, to recognise the existence of such forces, born of the Collective Unconscious.

Even more than his fascinating theory of psychological types (and some of its terms are now in common use), his idea of libido as psychic energy, his theory of the progressive and regressive movement of the libido, his elaborate system of Archetypes—what is most central and, certainly to the lay student, most valuable in Jung's thought is this grand hypothesis of the Collective Unconscious. We are not without doubts and difficulties; some of them explain that frequent charge of being "mystical." Thus, there are times when Jung writes as if the

* *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung.* Vols. 7, 12, 16, 17. Translated by R. F. C. HULL. *Routledge.* Vol. 7, 25*s.* 12, 35*s.* 16, 30*s.* 17, 25*s.*

Unconscious were all-knowing, all-wise, all-purposive, as if somewhere at the back of it was a little door admitting dispatches from some higher level of being. Again, though we may understand about the Shadow, the Anima, the Wise Old Man, the Wonder Child, as I feel I do, we are as readers left somewhat confused about these adventures of consciousness among the Archetypes, and find it difficult to comprehend this supreme process of individuation. And if we have not encountered, as I certainly have not, the final God-archetype, the expression of life-energy in the psyche, and have not had the independence of our egos shattered by it, then here is a mystery indeed. But—it is only fair to add—this is a method of psychotherapy, and we are readers, probably idle readers at that, not patients crying out for help.

And as readers, following every elaborate twist and turn of Jung's thought around this central bastion of the Collective Unconscious, we are constantly rewarded. We are given insights of the utmost value: into what has moved, so strangely and hitherto so unaccountably, both individuals and huge masses of men; into the twin magics of the arts and of sexual love; into the kaleidoscope of history; into the depths—though still unfathomable—of religion. We realise that our remote ancestors are still alive in us. We are joined through this common inheritance, in the most deeply intimate part of us, with men of every colour and creed. We move in a procession of the ever-living instead of waiting, in anger, bitterness, despair, for the door of the condemned cell to open. And on this level my distinction between readers and patients vanishes, for indeed we are all crying out for help. Many may find it between the tall covers of these Collected Works, covers that are a greeny-turquoise, like a deep sea in clear sunlight.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE PASCHAL CAUNDYLL

(Excerpt from a longer poem)

In a kirk on Easter een,
Led by my love as midnicht hour wes nearan,
The lichts gaed laithlie doun,
Were dimmet, ane by ane,
Till aa the fowk in deepest mirk were coueran.

Fire wes broucht in syne,
And tapers in the mirk were bylins fleeran,
And the caundyll matutine
Begowd to reek and shine
Till owre the altar suin its licht wes loueran.

Thon leaman lowe wes seen
Abuin the altar-claith and priest up-staundan
By callant and by queyn,
Lyart carle and carlin,
And purpour skugs fell back frae aa it shone on.

The crucifix abuin
Frae riven feet towards the ruif wes soaran,
As gif frae human een
It finallie wes taen,
The Son, wham cherubim were hamewart bearan.

The mirk aye couried round
As gif frae licht alane it took its meanin,
As silence does frae sound,
Or ocean frae the laund,
And leid-lore frae the Word in the Beginning.

It broucht intil my mind
The Bride I wad yon nicht, what tho in dreamin,
And wha, evir sensyne
Has led me by the haund
Throu mid-life's forests whaur nae licht is leaman.

With her, the Blesset Virgin—
Virgin, yet a woman trod by bearin—
Smooled intil my ken
Like some proud bee queen
That's wroucht the waux by whilk the bike is steeran,

As a ship steers by a starn
Whilk midnicht clouds are nou and syne obscuran.
The risen Lord is born
Crouned with Adam's thorn,
The faaen fruit back til its Tree restoran.

TOM SCOTT

Bylins—anon; *lyart carle and carlin*—greying man and woman; *leaman*—glowing; *lowe*—flame; *purpour skugs*—purple shadows; *smooled*—glided; *bike*—hive.

LAMENT FOR A LANDING CRAFT

Four fathoms under the green
Water, canted between
Two rocks, half on its side
Under the lowest low tide

The flat hull now dimly seen
Bore an armoured machine
Towards the golden wide
Beach, but the forts replied,

Till the swell and the fury were clean
Gone, and it entered a scene
Of soundless shimmer and glide
Heavy with myth. Time died.

And the years' and the waters' sheen
Smoothed out this image, serene
Enough, perhaps, to provide
For eternity's moods, and to guide.

Men escaped, or have been
Made smooth bone by the keen
Teeth. And the weeds hide
Skull, keel, plan, pride.

ROBERT CONQUEST

INWARDNESS

When I go down the hissing stairs
Into my circumstance, and find
The shadows of my private mind
Are walking in the public squares;
So clothed they are with inwardness
The men and women that I meet,
It seems I'm talking to myself
About the garden and the street:
As if my circumstance had brought
Lost phantoms into mind again,
Through birds and fishes, beasts and men
All blotched and mottled with my thought.
Then upright in the market place,
Pin-pointed by the light of day,
My shadows beard me face to face,
And here I cannot run away;
Being rooted in the soil of time
Whose bitter pastures seem
To make of my uncreatured ghost
Her circumstantial dream.
If grassblades glitter like a sword,
And bindweed twists a hangman's knout,
What are they but my inwardness
Time and her spaces figure out;
So I may wither into truth
And when the stars grow thin
Know in myself the fecund bed
Where all these shades begin.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

RETREAT FROM ANTI-MARXISM

Realities of American Foreign Policy. By GEORGE F. KENNAN. *Princeton* $2.75*.

Call to Greatness. By ADLAI STEVENSON. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Faith and Freedom. By BARBARA WARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16*s.*

The Century of Total War. By RAYMOND ARON. *Verschoyle.* 25*s.*

Fashion rules our political thinking as much as it rules the clothes our women wear. No journalist or politician—and very few academics—can wholly resist its pervasive influence. Historians, for instance, will probably date the full acceptance of the Anti-Marxist fashion from 1947, when the Truman doctrine was promulgated; and will record that, having reached its extreme of bizarre absurdity when the 38th Parallel was crossed, it was already regarded as *vieux jeu* in the smartest circles soon after the death of Stalin. Patriots will note that the fashion was first launched and then superseded by an Englishman. Mr. Churchill set the Anti-Marxist tone with his Fulton speech, and Sir Winston introduced the New Look on May 11, 1953.

The novelty of this fashion was its strident dogmatism. Having suddenly decided that the Russians were heretics, at war with the true Faith, we felt that we could only resist their Reformation through a Counter-Reformation. Against the Communist ideology must be set an Anti-Communist ideology; against the Marxist philosophy of history, an Anti-Marxist philosophy of history; against the Eastern bloc, a Western bloc. The Communists condemned neutralism as cowardly and impracticable: we would do the same. They saw every issue in black and white: we too would treat grey as a dirty colour.

The theses of the Anti-Marxist creed were these. (1) Stalin's totalitarianism is basically the same as Hitler's totalitarianism: to defeat it we must remember what we did in the 1930s and do the opposite. (2) Communism is an Imperialism, which offers nothing but enslavement to the peoples it conquers. (3) The Communist Parties outside Russia are merely fifth columns, run by the Kremlin. (4) The Marxist philosophy of history is a materialist myth: democracy must repudiate materialism and espouse spiritual values.

Now that Anti-Marxism is beginning to go out of fashion, even in America, we can see that its theses were at best half-truths, which blinded us to most of the relevant facts. It was a myth as distorting as the Communist myth, and without its dynamic. A negative faith has never moved a mountain. In girding themselves for the Anti-Communist crusade the Western democracies shouldered burdens they could not sustain and committed themselves to high-sounding alliances and schemes of federation, which are crumbling under the threat of peace. Hence our readiness for the New Look of peaceful co-existence.

In varying degrees each of the four books I have to review is influenced by this change of fashion. Mr. George Kennan, for instance, not only trounces the apostles of "liberation" and "massive retaliation" but has even dropped the concept of "containment" he launched in 1947. In 1954 his theme is the danger for America of trying to maintain the *status quo* against the "deep-seated and important refusal on the part of millions of colonial people to accept it." As for the idea of basing American policy on the principle of collective security against aggression:

> There is hardly a national state in this world community, including our own, whose ultimate origins did not lie in acts of violence. The source of every governmental claim to legitimacy will be found to rest in some situation created originally by the arbitrary exertion of armed might.

And he reminds those who believe that

*To be published shortly by the Oxford University Press at 10*s.* 6*d.*

Antonia White
BEYOND THE GLASS

The Times

"Extremely well done. She gets right inside Clara's deranged mind and, entirely without sensationalism, reproduces the sense of intolerable pressure, loss, prolonged delirium, persecution, and recovery, maintaining the tension successfully for pages on end." (12/6 net)

H. F. M. Prescott
THE UNHURRYING CHASE

(Originally published 1925)

Daniel George

"Everybody who read THE MAN ON A DONKEY will be delighted to be given the chance of enjoying the author's earlier success. They will be very far from disappointed with it." (12/6 net)

Marc Brandel
THE TIME OF THE FIRE

Julian Symons

"First-class, as a novel and as a thriller too . . . the speed and nervous energy of its writing stamp him as a serious novelist." (Manchester Evening News)

Laurence Meynell

"A first-rate study of the effect of fear and suspicion on a small and hitherto happy community . . . intensely interesting." (Express & Star)

(10/6 net)

Second impression

Jack Finney
FIVE AGAINST THE HOUSE

V. S. Pritchett

"A little masterpiece of robbery."

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"One of the best—Mr. Broad's perceptive, full and just narrative—succeeds because it is a story and not a narrow study."—*Newcastle Journal.* 15 illus. 15s.

Musings of a Chinese Gourmet by F. T. Cheng

Here is surely the most unusual guide to cookery ever written—by the most unusual gourmet, a former Ambassador to the Court of St. James. 12s. 6d.

Horn of the Hunter by Robert C. Ruark

"A great success."—*Sphere.* "Full of thrills."—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.* "Full blooded and vibrant."—*Sheffield Telegraph.* 2nd Impression. 50 illus. 16s.

Black Jack's Spurs by C. W. Thurlow Craig

Here is the sparkling autobiography of an English "Caballero." "A rollicking adventure."—*Maurice Wiggin.* 20 illus. 12s. 6d.

Brotherly Love by Gabriel Fielding

"An extraordinarily good beginning."—*Graham Greene.* "Memorable."—*Robert Henriques.* Book Society Recommendation. 10s. 6d.

A Death Occurred by Norah Hoult

The life of a petulant self-indulged woman with a background of city flat-dwellings, is the theme of this poignant novel. Nov. 8. 10s. 6d.

The Clock Ticks by Claude Houghton

"As an effort to entertain it is a success . . . brilliantly effective."—*Joseph Taggart (Star).* "Back at the top of his success."—*Laurence Meynell (Wolverhampton Express).* 10s. 6d.

One Down and Two to Slay by Henry Brinton

"A teasing little murder mystery."—*Birmingham Post.* By the author of *Death to Windward.* 9s. 6d.

Fire Down Below by Simon Kent

A novel of adventure by the author of *A Hill in Korea* "well observed and brilliantly presented."—*Manchester Evening News.* 10s. 6d.

HUTCHINSON HOUSE, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1

democracies are peace-loving and dictatorships aggressive that:

> It is sometimes easier for a strong and authoritative government to shape its external conduct in an enlightened manner, when the spirit so moves it, than it is for a democratic government locked in the throes of domestic political conflict.

Measured against the pontiff of Princeton, Mr. Adlai Stevenson is a gifted amateur. But, because he is a politician with a finger to the wind, the three little lectures he delivered at Harvard recently are intensely interesting. He still has to establish his loyalty by constantly speaking of our "mortal conflict" against "the implacable enemy" of "predatory Communism"; but he then proceeds to utter some encouragingly dangerous thoughts. He observes, for instance, that the Russian economy may have been expanding at a faster yearly rate of growth than the American; and tells us that he regards it as possible that by 1970 "the standard of living in the Soviet Union may be as good as or better than in the democracies of Western Europe." Wisely, he does not attempt to reconcile this prospect with the view that Communism means sheer enslavement. Reflecting on China, he now regards it as a grave mistake to have driven beyond the 38th Parallel in Korea; and he agrees with Mr. Kennan that "the concept of peace through a preponderance of power became obsolete as soon as our atomic monopoly was broken." Finally, in considering Germany, he invites the Soviet rulers to conclude:

> that the withdrawal of British and American forces from a united and really independent Europe is safer and better than maintaining Russian garrisons amid the rising tensions of an unnaturally divided Europe.

In view of Mr. Molotov's interest in the same idea, it looks as though the time has come for high-level talks between him and Mr. Stevenson!

A fervent protagonist of the Atlantic Union, Miss Barbara Ward would not go all the way with Mr. Stevenson. (Indeed, if any Englishman made the same suggestions, she would accuse him of Bevanism, the worst word in the vocabulary of the economist today.) But Miss Ward has now soared far above economics. In search of a philosophy with which to do combat with Communist materialism, she is exploring world history on the magic carpet of Toynbeeism; and the first half of her book is a "study of history," designed to show the progress of mankind from archaic determinism towards the higher religions. Miss Ward is very scornful of the sweeping generalisations employed by the Marxists. But, like her master, she employs a good many herself.

> In the nineteenth century a profound change began to occur at the very basis of Western thinking. In essence it was a return to the determinism which Christian thought had banished from the world.

Or: "The new Communism was the old Imperialism writ large."

When she gets back to the solid earth which she knows so well, Miss Ward has a number of excellent things to say. Like Mr. Kennan and Mr. Stevenson, she recognises that the end of the American atomic monopoly means the end of "containment," as it was conceived in 1947, and argues at length that disarmament should now be "the central theme of Western diplomacy." But the clearest evidence that she is discarding the old look is a passage in which she proclaims—

> a revolution as startling as that which overtook men's thoughts about the absolute rights of property in the course of the nineteenth century, and one which is, to a curious degree, comparable to the earlier change. . . . The conditions which made property rights absolute within domestic society are beginning to prevail in international society as well. . . . Thus the relationship today between the privileged nations of the West and the underdeveloped areas of the world offers a startling analogy with the conditions which prevailed within early industrial society, when Marx and Engels wrote their indictments.

In recognising the primacy of the international class war, Miss Ward seems to be moving from Anti-Marxism towards a New Marxism.

I have left M. Aron to the last because he alone has not moved with the times. The brilliant columnist of *Figaro*, he is convinced of the decadence of the Fourth Republic and the consequent inevitability of accepting American suzerainty. *The Century of Total War* is a French book written in strict accordance with the theses of American Anti-Marxism. When it was first published in France and the U.S.A., it was hailed as "a brilliant, incisive and thorough analysis." But history has run faster than its English publisher, and the modishness of its "faith without illusions" is already dated, along with a good many of the "facts" with which M. Aron supports it. Even the most gifted journalist cannot be blamed for failing to foresee M. Mendès-France!

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

BACKGROUNDS AND FOREGROUNDS

Sunset and Evening Star. By SEAN O'CASEY. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Leda and the Goose. By TRISTRAM HILLIER. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

A Pinch of Pound Notes. By JOHN DINGLE. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Through four volumes—this is the concluding one—Mr. O'Casey has been building up, touch by repulsive touch, his portrait of "Sean." It is a curious, fascinatingly horrid work, a labour of hate, one might say. "Sean" is Sean O'Casey minus O'Casey—minus, that is, all the qualities that made the superb dramatist, minus compassion, minus humour, minus generosity, minus understanding, minus even the acute ear and eye. Sean is a tiresome, opinionated, ill-mannered boor, a creature so soaked in hate that he can't see the world around him as it is, but only as a reflection of his raw and ugly dislikes. "Sean," let us hope, has never really existed, but Mr. O'Casey is a brilliant enough writer almost to convince us that he has.

At the opening of this volume, which carries us right through the war, "Sean" returns from America and establishes himself and his family in a flat in a row of blocks of flats overlooking Battersea Park. The inhabitants, like "Sean" himself, can afford to pay middle-class rents and this is made the excuse for battering them with flat bangs of prejudice and ignorance. The children of "these hoity-toity people" go riding in Richmond Park, and are belaboured for their snobbery. One woman "living almost next door to him" was presented at Court and is ridiculed for being proud of it. "She dipped the knees in a curtsey to kingship, and returned to the flat creaking with exultation"; and then she gave a five-course dinner to her friends to celebrate it, the brute!

"A Drive of Snobs" this chapter is called, and a succeeding one, headed "Cambridge," gives a ludicrously distorted picture of the University, ending with a description of a night spent in St. John's College where at the time the present reviewer also happened to be, as an undergraduate. Time may have dimmed my memory, but I certainly do not recall on any night when I was up all the lights being turned out by order from the mains at midnight, so that the students had to go to bed, or that the guest rooms were unfurnished ice-boxes, or that many of the students could not afford either fires or breakfasts. A terrible night "Sean" spent in the spare room allocated him. Even wrapped round with all his clothes he was too cold to get one wink of sleep; no wonder he took so dim a view of the university, but it was unkind of Mr. O'Casey to make "Sean" turn the sequel into dialogue as corny as this:

> He ("Sean") went back to his room to collect his grip, where he found the skip (*sic*) tidying the bed that had proved to be such a wretched refuge during the night.
>
> —The College doesn't seem to be busy this term, he murmured to the skip.
>
> —Not busy, sir? We're crammed out, we are; couldn't put up another soul.
>
> —But how is this room empty then?
>
> —This one, sir? Oh, this was full, but the fellow as was 'ere 'e got took with pneumonia, and' 'ad to be taken 'ome.
>
> Pneumonia! In his mind's eye, Sean could see the poor figure in the bed . . . , etc.

His picture of Cambridge may be forgiven to ignorance or envy, but his attack on Orwell, who reviewed the first volume of the autobiography adversely, is unforgiveably spiteful, mean and petty as from one first-rate writer (living) to another (dead). Indeed altogether—with the exception of his chapter on Shaw for whom "Sean" shows an uncharacteristic loyalty and affection—Mr. O'Casey persists in presenting the portrait of his other self in the most disagreeable and dislikeable colours he can work up. He misses no opportunity for revealing his sitter's self-pity, offensiveness and sentimentality. As a destructive portrait it is complete, and as terrible, say, as one of Mr. Francis Bacon's most horrid fantasies. In that sort of way, if you like, it is brilliantly done. But one cannot help wondering why the O'Casey we admire thought it worth doing.

It is a relief to turn to a more life-accepting autobiography, *Leda and the Goose* by the painter, Tristram Hillier. Mr. Hillier, it is true, writes rather an old-fashioned prose, but even that is a relief after a bath in the sticky morass of O'Casey puns. Mr. Hillier had the disadvantage, as "Sean" would doubtless consider it, of being born into the comfortable and conventional middle classes. So conventional indeed was his background that the notion, when it slowly dawned, of becoming a professional painter was hedgehogged with difficulties. Mr. Hillier had to meet and solve these the hard way, but this led in the end to a most varied life which his temperament pictures as more perpetually delightful than no doubt it was. He passes, without staying to pity himself, over the unhappiness and

at

any

season

..for any reason

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misfortunes which we may glimpse between the lines, and recalls vividly and charmingly a succession of episodes, many touched in their sunlight with a smudge of the eerie. Those were the days—not really so long ago—when you could live more or less where you chose. You could study in Paris without Treasury permission and winter, given funds, in Cassis or the Costa Brava. Mr. Hillier availed himself of this freedom in generous helpings and unusual ways. He bought for £200 a castle in the French Pyrennees and later for the same sum a sailing boat in the Mediterranean. With the war an era ended. Perhaps it will never be possible for artists to live this free life again. Mr. Hillier's light but perceptive and evocative recollections of it may one day seem to describe a vanished Golden Age. Perhaps they already do.

The author of *A Pinch of Pound Notes* was also an artist, of a different kind, but one who had to struggle even harder to enter his heritage. Mr. John Dingle formed the ambition, odd for the son of a Bristol journalist, to become a great chef, and the opposition he met was universal, for though in the Edwardian era the art of cooking was at one of its heights, foreigners had the monopoly of positions. Mr. Dingle's struggles—to acquire experience in Bristol and then to make the two successive jumps, first to London and then to the Continent—are of absorbing interest—chiefly I think because as a boy Mr. Dingle was himself wholly absorbed in the single-minded pursuit of his aim and has succeeded in communicating the intensity of his absorption.

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English Literature in the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. LEWIS. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Read straight through from cover to cover, Mr. Lewis's volume in the Oxford History leaves an overwhelming impression of three things. First, the range of the author's learning: he is at home in the literatures of Greece, Rome, Italy and France, as well as in English literature from Beowulf to Auden; and, as might be expected, he provides good theological guidance through the tangled thickets of Reformation controversies. Second, there is his conscientiousness. On one occasion only he feels compelled to confess, of an "almost unendurable" work, "I have skipped some pages myself." Third, and by far the most important, there is the strength of his capacity for enjoyment. This enables him to write with astonishing freshness on subjects which might be thought to be exhausted, for instance, on Shakespeare's sonnets; it also breaks out continually in discriminating and original praise of works which have fallen out of current discussion. The chapter on "The End of the Middle Ages in Scotland" is perhaps the most sustained example of this in the book.

There are other things, too: a power of historical imagination, limited in some directions, but strong and sensitive in others, a generosity of temper in dealing with controversial matters, which springs from imaginative charity, a capacity for seeing historical parallels which are often entertaining as well as illuminating, and everywhere a prevailing humour and geniality. In every sense, this is a big book. Like one of the heroes of his beloved romances, Mr. Lewis has converted what must have seemed at times a dreadful task imposed by a malignant power into what bears all the appearance of having been a labour of love. He has, indeed, performed an extraordinary feat. He has written what is and will remain for some time to come a standard book of reference and he has also written a book: a work which is continuously enjoyable, provocative and stimulating, yet satisfying.

He has, of course, his bees. There is considerable entertainment to be got out of his struggles with that tiresome word "Renaissance." Rightly aware of the dangers of the term—though he is oddly unaware of what might be said against his own use of the word "Medieval"—he attempts to do without it. But the wretched word defeats him. Compelled at last to use something, he falls back on *renascentia*, then he slips into "Renaissance," and, at last, there it is all by itself, without the dignity of Latin or the mockery of inverted commas, being contrasted in the old way with Medieval. The classifying terms he has chosen to build his book on, "Drab" and "Golden," seem to me quite unsuitable for the use to which they are put, and to be open to just the same objections as Mr. Lewis brings against other terms. Although he assures us that they are not used "dyslogistically" or "eulogistically," he cannot deprive the words of their natural colour, and, indeed, he frequently uses them in their natural sense himself. I can imagine many future tutorial hours being happily filled out by explanations of just how misleading these terms are and just how much they falsify the picture. For a writer who holds that it is a prime merit in a poet to "keep his eye on the object," Mr. Lewis does rather too often concern himself with correcting the views of others—some of them men of straw. Over-correction makes some of his discussion, and certain aspects of the book, a little off the centre. And individual judgments are at times warped very slightly by a desire to diminish what has been overpraised or to find another reason for praising. Our professions leave their marks.

But, on the whole, the justice of the treatment is striking, and the book gains greatly by the fact that a strict sense of the limits of literary history informs it. Mr. Lewis's conception of his task may seem, superficially, a modest one: to give an account of the works written during a century, with sufficient information on the authors' aims and their underlying conceptions of life and art to enable a modern reader to understand and enjoy them. He does not believe we can explain why things happen in the arts. We can describe circumstances; but circumstances are not causes. It may be objected that certain topics one might expect to find are not treated: Elizabethan education, Elizabethan antiquarianism and scholarship, literary patronage, the growth of the reading public. But the absence of any special treatment of such topics is a consequence of the strength of the book, which is everywhere concerned with men and their works, the individual author, the individual treatise or poem.

It would be unfair and misleading to pick out, and thereby isolate, some of the many brilliant generalisations, asides, and jests with which the book abounds, because they spring so naturally and spontaneously out of the course of the discussion. Of Sir John Davies's *Epigrams* Mr. Lewis observes "One (never ask me which) moved me to smile." I cannot believe any reader will not be moved beyond smiles to laughter, again and again, by comments that are not merely witty, but, a much rarer thing, genuinely funny. I cannot resist quoting one, which sums up a masterly discussion of early Protestantism: "Calvin's picture of the fully Christian life was less hostile to pleasure and to the body than Fisher's; but then Calvin demanded that every man should be made to live the fully Christian life. In academic jargon, he lowered the honours standard and abolished the pass degree."

A colleague in the Oxford English Faculty, which owes such a debt to Mr. Lewis's fructifying influence as lecturer and tutor for nearly thirty years, cannot end without expressing some of the gratitude that is felt towards him there and without good wishes to Professor Lewis who goes now to adorn the English Faculty at Cambridge.

HELEN GARDNER

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I sometimes think that the autobiography of a theatrical failure would be an interesting and agreeable novelty; moving, too, with its record of drab lodgings, ambition unfulfilled and appearances gamely kept up. There is nothing very moving, emotionally, about champagne.

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It has been a full life. Mistinguett has dived for coins in Trinidad ("earache developed into otitis"), seen Duse act ("When is that Italian girl coming on?"), played Cinderella parts ("I, as a humble fisher girl, was gathering mussels"), been stage-guillotined ("It seems the thing was in bad taste"), performed before Queen Astrid ("You must be awfully tired"), and watched the first allied tanks coming into Paris ("I fell off my bicycle").

Dotted about the rich text are delightful photographs of the authoress. We see her perched, a pinch precariously, upon a beflowered swing, in a Spanish shawl and displaying a generous eyeful of those famous and heavily-insured underpinnings, with Chevalier in what looks like the heaviest sand-storm since *The Garden of Allah*, under a jewelled bandeau ("They said I was not beautiful but I had personality"), and seated at an enormous piano in conversation with a parrot ("I had little time to relax with my pets").

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However, despite the *bizarreries*, the erratic acute accents, the occasional mishaps of translation ("We're not acquainted that I know of"), and the general air of unreality, there is, behind the ostrich feathers, so to speak, a most remarkable theatrical sense. This, and hard work, and the melting blue eyes, and what is reasonable in the way of talent, have made her name what it is. Hopeful young actresses will find a useful lesson or two here, and there is interest and amusement for all.

Schiaparelli's autobiography, *Shocking Life*, gets off to a rather shaky start. The facts are indigestible and the pace jerky. She was born in Rome and was christened Elsa by a Wagner-loving nurse who drank and was replaced by a Zulu ("not a success"). By page 26, the authoress is old enough to "begin to collect beaux for the fun of it," a black-bearded Russian among them, but by then the childhood years, invariably the most interesting of our public figures, are over. However, there is the creation of the first dress (four yards of dark blue *crêpe de chine*, two of orange silk, and some pins) and then off to a dinner (nasturtium salad) and tangos ("What tremendous fun! But pouff! The pins were giving way"). In fifteen lines, Schiaparelli is married to a strict vegetarian ("He was partly Breton, partly Polish, and his mother was Swiss"). In next to no time, the unhappy pair have gone to Nice and New York, have been danced to in a hotel bedroom by an undraped Isadora Duncan, had a baby, lived in Charles Street, Boston, "where you practically cannot walk because of the cobbles", and parted ("Mummy, where is my father?").

But when we move into the field of clothes, the story steadies down. And what clothes! Black-and-white sweaters, sweaters tattooed like a sailor's chest with pierced hearts and snakes, X-ray sweaters with the ribs marked in white, fish bathing-suits, white jackets with a cock-feather sash, "and tweeds, tweeds, tweeds." There were glass dresses, gold sovereign buttons, "amusing gadgets afire with youth," embroidered saris, a lamb cutlet hat with white frill, and plexiglass bracelets. One's limited wardrobe seems drearier every minute. A pierced heart or two? Some plexiglass trouser buttons, perhaps? Perhaps not.

After these two rather indifferently written books, it is left to Miss Ada Reeve to save the day for the stage and, loyal to her profession as ever, she does not let it down. This is the real stuff, good honest fact, sympathetically told and devoid of nonsense. No theatre-lover must miss it. Miss Reeve has been on the stage for seventy-five years and she writes as though every hour of it has been pleasurable. It is delightful to think of her as a Salvation Army lassie in *Dick Whittington* at Dewsbury in 1882, or reciting tear-jerking verse to British tars and foreign seamen in the Whitechapel Pavilion, or twirling about in a lilac dress hemmed with primroses, or having "a spot of bubbly" with Marie Lloyd in the Queen's in Leicester Square. Her memory is astounding and there is a most refreshing absence of stage disaster stories of the how-we-ever-got-to-the-end-of-the-act-I-shall-never-know kind. A recommendable and warm-hearted book.

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THE SPANISH GROUND

The Structure of Spanish History. By AMÉRICO CASTRO. Translated by EDMUND L. KING. *Oxford: for Princeton.* 72*s.*

This learned and egocentric apologia for the Spanish role in history is a revised and expanded version of the author's *España en su historia*, published in 1948. It is a brilliant book, by a writer greedy for ideas and arguments, and quick to point them with crowds of facts and quotations from his enormous reading in Arabic, Hebrew and Spanish authors. If Dr. Castro repeats himself in the effusive tradition of the Spanish essayists, he is bursting with encyclopaedic vitality; matters of detail, like the question of what the Inquisition may owe to Jewish tradition, or the searching documentation of the historic Spanish scorn for manual labour, pack the book. One is able to get at the heart of a Catholic civilisation without having to endure the special pleading of popular Catholic propaganda and counter-propaganda. The book is not intended to be cool, liberal history like Altamira's; it is not, Dr. Castro scornfully says, a collection of facts and anecdotes but is a quest for meaning and an interpretation. It might be called an interpretation of the millions of daily interpretations the articulate Spaniard spends his time in. The task of the historian, he says, should be "to show the basic position of a people inside its own inescapable life." Western Europeans have pressed on objectively from phase to phase in their history; they penetrated the nature of new reality and have created a civilisation which now looks upon the Spanish as an irrelevance and a failure; the Spaniards, in their crises, have recoiled upon themselves. They and their world are subjective: the Spanish achievement must be regarded as that of people concerned before all else with "the impulse to express the consciousness of their existence" even at the height of the Reconquest or in their conquest of South America. The social notions of greatness and decadence are meaningless; there is "no progressive theme," in the Spanish story. Whatever of material civilisation the Spaniards have they have borrowed and treated with negligence, inertia or contempt. We must not suppose that the French, the English or now, the Americans, have founded the only possible, respectable or tolerable forms of society The anarchic, personal, anti-social and agonised genius of the Spaniards has also been superlatively creative. The price has admittedly been heavy, but so it is in any mode of civilisation: we ourselves pay heavily in the loss of personality and freedom. We are committed, for important reasons, to the idea of social welfare, but we are confronted by another scale of values in the Spanish peasant who, when offered food under conditions he did not care for, replied "I am master of my hunger." We are also confronted by people who find positive value in the idea they express in the word *Desvivirse*, which Dr. Castro's hard-tried translator calls "to roll back its own living process, to live in disagreement with itself." From the time of the Reconquest that has certainly been the theme of innumerable Spanish writers.

There is a good deal of Unamuno in Dr. Castro's general outlook and some critics of the original volume complained that there was a strong determinist bias to his history. If there is, it is because he is proudly on the defensive before Western success and very aware that since, say, 1935, this success does not seem eternal. Where he is richly interesting is in his historical inquiry into what the basic Spanish ground or "dwelling-place" is, for here he is building patiently on fact. For him there are no "Spaniards" before the Reconquest. Talk about the Iberians, the Romans and the Visigoths has no meaning. The central fact is that the Moors, the Jews and the Spaniards were obliged to live together, hating each other, copying each other and each dominated by their faith. This copying is the formative essence. The Spaniards rally to Santiago because the Moors have shown them the value of rallying to the Prophet. Key-words like *hidalgo* and *hazaña* come from the Moors. It is the converted Jews, the mainstay of the ruling classes, who nevertheless introduce the idea of *malsin*—the secret informer—who is at the bottom of the Inquisition. The notion of "purity of blood" is not Spanish alone, it is also Jewish and Moorish. The three races play the high cards of their common intolerance. Once the nation is formed, its state is one of agony, separatism, self-questioning: where the West has replaced one set of beliefs by another in the course of time, the Spaniards have been unable to do so. It has been a question for them of believing or not believing, of action or inertia, of valour, distinction, the highest achievement of the person or of corruption, evasion and apathy. These are soldierly qualities, born in the centuries of guerilla warfare and raiding. When Unamuno said "Let others invent," he was handing on the old tradition of the vileness of working with the hands. He was cousin germane to the servant who, sent to market, felt demeaned unless he could hire a porter to carry the goods home for him as people did at the Court; and who, if not fighting, sat idle in their homes or retired to the monasteries to live in austerity and contemplation. To act they needed faith—faith in God, the *caudillo*, the great person, the enlarged image of themselves—and the person and not the system has been responsible for the achievements of Spanish history and also for its failures. The fantasy, recurrent in the history of Spain—and especially strong in the present period of *caudillo* worship—of getting back to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is an example of faith in the great person. Dr. Castro's book on Cervantes has prepared one for this: the missing character is Sancho Panza. We hear more about the rulers than the ruled. But the author's ideas are not delivered rhetorically. They arise out of detailed chapters on Islamic Spain, on the cult of Santiago and the change to the supremacy of Santa Teresa; there are long inquiries into the influence of Judaism and, turning to literary sources, he goes deeply into the story of the Cid, into the writings of the mystics, of the Archpriest of Hita and *La Celestina*. There is an important digression into the Moslem sources of the Don Juan legend which I have not seen examined before. Don Juan is a man left "beating the air," the personification of the idea of evanescence, of pointless change that is natural to those who, having exhausted their integrating faith, find themselves in the meaninglessness which afflicts the belief in personal life when it is not focused on the universal.

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HARRAP

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V. S. PRITCHETT

CRITICISM AND CHARACTER

The English Novel. By WALTER ALLEN. *Phoenix.* 18*s.*

Mr. Allen has written an extraordinarily good book containing many passages of solid and brilliant criticism. He is firm in detaching his subject from the clouds of a vague antiquity, and in dating its infancy with *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678), *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), and *Pamela* (1740). The case that he makes for this is possibly definitive; it should have a calming effect, at the least, because of the force and sympathy with which it is made. Nothing could be more persuasive than the concision with which Mr. Allen differentiates, in all their progressions and modulations, the characters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as affecting their novelists. His view of *Clarissa* and *Tom Jones* as being primarily works of "protest" against "inordinate, arbitrary, and irresponsible power" is supported most strategically by his applying of the same criterion, convincingly illustrated, to the novel's ensuing vogue of tearful sensibility, the effete heir of protest. His estimate of Victorianism in its youth—"the age represented the triumph of protestantism, and perhaps its great achievement was the universal acceptance of the idea of respectability"—is developed in fascinating steps, leaving him well-placed to survey the great, confused gallery of the Victorian novel. The attractive life-quality of his criticism is felt especially in his accounts of lesser novelists, such as Marryat, Maria Edgeworth, and Gissing, who seem to have engaged his sympathies partly by the very fact that they are lesser. The same quality makes him attentive to traits in the works of novelists, such as courtesy towards women, understanding of loneliness, which generally get passed over. It is a rewarding attention.

Mr. Allen has not solved the inevitable puzzle of chronicle-criticism—how much chronicle, how much criticism?—either by the modest "A Short Critical History," which is his sub-title, or by his skilful disposition of passages of general ideas. Nor has he solved the closely related problem, how to address two different sets of readers with their two sets of requirements: for the one, elementary criticism and dates, for the other, advanced criticism and no dates (a reference to a blacking-factory may be allowed). I do not feel that he has really tried to solve these problems. His book has a programme, not a theme—he accepts that. There were times, as novelist after novelist came into and passed from view, when I felt, aghast, like Macbeth seeing Banquo's heirs, that the line would stretch out to the crack of doom. (It ends in fact with Joyce and Lawrence—but only because it had to end.) "Any account of Dickens is inadequate," Mr. Allen says. But the rueful cry means only that a work of this scale cannot chart a Dickens in a dozen pages. If Mr. Allen gives a richer picture of Thackeray, as he does, the reason no doubt is, not that he understands Thackeray better, but that Thackeray wrote fewer books than Dickens wrote. It is the admirable temper of his study, not the structure of it, that saves Mr. Allen from the worst faults, such as patronising skimpiness, of the chronicler-critic. "Inadequate" summations are inevitable. What is sad is that many of Mr. Allen's more striking judgments, which an original structure might have made integral, have instead an effect of being incidental, sometimes violently incidental—as when he ejects, summarily, Harrison Ainsworth and Charles Reade from his canon of ranking novelists.

Mr. Allen has hampered himself further, I think, by concentrating his critical interest on "character" in the novel. His studies of the greater novelists would surely have benefited, even within the limits imposed, if his loyalty to the idea of "character" had not made him feel obliged to write things like this (where he is discussing *Middlemarch*)—

> Then the Garth family tends to suffer from the monotony of goodness. Yet the gallery is a brilliant one, its members far too numerous to be itemized; one may only instance representative members, Dorothea's sister Celia, her husband Sir James, Mr. Brooke, and that splendid character the auctioneer, Mr. Trumbull, who astonishes whenever he appears.

There, and in similar passages, Mr. Allen seems to me to submit to the intrusion of fantasy on criticism. It is a monstrous popular fantasy, almost a hobby: "characters" collected and classified like beer-mats. To speak of "extenuating circumstances" for Tom Jones in his promiscuity, to say that Lovelace's letters "bear continually the imprint of intellectual vivacity and curiosity," to adduce "the superbly vital and vulgar Millicent Hemming," is to move a little way from criticism. In the last case, for instance, Mr. Allen appears not to notice that the quotation from *The Princess Casamassima*, by which he supports it, does not impeccably suggest the gusto of Millicent and her Cockney London, but rather an "Aha!" of relish, somewhat buoyantly academic, with which Henry James thought that he was suggesting it; Mr. Allen's picture of "Millicent Hemming" has blocked his view of Henry James. The character-hobby can be less harmless; it can subtly vitiate the values of a critical portrait, and convert original into commonplace strokes.

If you make "characters" more real than they are, you have to exaggerate, to a corresponding extent, the reality of the "events" in which they figure, and of their "backgrounds." You will extol whatever else feeds this fictional reality: vivid descriptions of the external appearances of "characters," for instance, or such inferrable traits as a "vigorous social conscience," an "insight and depth of penetration into the realities of social life."

> A good novel is untrue only in the sense that the events described in it have not actually happened. If the novel is successful one must feel that if they were to happen they would do so precisely as the novelist says.

I do not believe that at all. The novelist is not measured by his social verisimilitude, which anyway is an illusion. I find it absurd of Mr. Allen to dismiss Thackeray to the "second rank" because *Vanity Fair* is governed by a "trivial view of life." Byron's poem, *Don Juan*, has a similar and (if you wish) similarly trivial view of life. It is a great poem, because it is beautiful; tone, texture, style, concentration, wit, consistency, design, feeling—all such. *Vanity Fair* also is great because it is beautiful. I say this word for the beautiful, because very little that it connotes has found a place in Mr. Allen's appraisals. It is true that the energy of his sympathies succeeds, again and again, in piercing the false crust of the character-approach; for this blunter and even coarser surface, a disappointing feature of *The English Novel*, seems to me to be solely an outcome of an over-limited method, which Mr. Allen accepts from the outset with only a scanty argument. Is that why he makes no reference whatever to *Robert Elsmere*—a novel which, without benefit of memorable "characters," is nevertheless one of the most memorable of all "non-poetic statements of a poetic truth"? Admiringly and a little uneasily, Mr. Allen cites that epigram of Elizabeth Bowen on the nature of the novel. Yet he sticks to "character," unfortunately.

GILES ROMILLY

PRODIGIOUS BOY

Fifty Years of Peter Pan. By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Peter Davies.* 21*s.*

Barrie is a writer whom no writer should fail to respect; not for the ends he had in mind (which are matters of taste and literary climate), but—professionally—for the deliberate and unerring means by which they were achieved. One may read and re-read *The Little White Bird*, for instance—that urbane masterpiece of cold, unflinching sentimentalism—without ever losing one's sense of fearful admiration for its author's craft. But *Peter Pan*, about which Mr. Lancelyn Green has now written within the limits of its subject a sort of *Road to Xanadu*, is something of an oddity. The play in its printed form (1928) is a sophisticated version, made after a quarter of a century, of the acting script. The acting script rises out of half a dozen narrative precursors, notably a chapter in *The Little White Bird*. Its unique theatrical position owes not a little to the national penchant for ritual in sports and minor pleasures. It created a myth; it provided, probably for the first time, a straight play on the public stage for children. Yet many of its effects depend on an elaborate system of wires; its most stylish passages are in the stage directions. It has however the distinction of revealing, more nakedly than any other of his works, its author's most characteristic obsessions. He had the good luck, which later might seem the evil luck, to be writing in that unselfconscious age before the first translation of Freud appeared in English households; a few years later *Peter Pan* could not, in innocence, have been written; nor indeed, with its peculiar preoccupations, could it belong to any earlier period of English manners.

In Barrie's work, however, the idea of the boy who wished to avoid becoming a man was not a new one. "The horror of my boyhood," he wrote in *Margaret Ogilvy* (1896), "was that I knew a time would come when I must also give up the

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REINHARDT

games, and how it was to be done I saw not." His Sentimental Tommy, who "couldn't grow up," (Barrie never failed to observe himself for copy) was already a brilliant self-analysis. As for the mother-obsession which is its complement, the child-wife of Dickens's fancy seems a wholesome character compared with the mother-child of Barrie, that monstrous maternal marshmallow into which (could it have been without malice?) the playwright chose to transform, at this period, any little girl in the nursery. At the end of some early drafts of *Peter Pan*, new babies are born or "found" to take the place of the too-rapidly maturing Wendy as Peter's motherly protectress; a later one-act sequel, written for a single performance, shows how the adult Wendy's place is taken by her daughter. In a forthcoming American production, Mr. Green tells us, the actress Mary Martin is to play the part of Peter with her own daughter in the role of Wendy—an arrangement whose parallel can surely be found only in the most primitive of mythologies.

The origins of the play—the begetters' part of Barrie's wards, the Davies boys, the sources of the names (mostly those of friends), the reason for Hook's Etonian affinities (the public school dream was always to be, to the one-time Scottish day boy, compellingly romantic)—all these are fairly well known, or are told in the play's Introduction. More interesting still are the discarded early versions. They include some episodes of ugly and boisterous brutality which are not in the least unchildlike; and some rather more sadistically painful scenes which are. The shadow, whose sewing-on always seems an uneasy business, was also pressed with a hot iron. A nursery undressing, recalling that detailed and disconcerting passage in *The Little White Bird*, has gone; so has a concluding harlequinade; so have various moments of this order:

WENDY: Peter, sweetest, bath time. (*Lifts him up in her arms.*)

PETER: Are you so glad, glad, glad Mummy, that I'm your son?

though Wendy still retains her desire to take up Peter and "squdge" him. (*He draws back* is the sequent direction). And there was one peculiarly repellent scene, actually performed for the first few weeks, in which a crowd of Beautiful Mothers comes to claim the Lost Boys, and are put through tests of which Mr. Green can speak only with an astringent reserve.

On the stage history, with cast-lists, technical problems, photographs, and anecdotes (fairly including Anthony Hope's "Oh, for an hour of Herod!") this book is a well of information. But its most remarkable inclusion is the full text of a film scenario which Barrie wrote in 1919, and later gave to Paramount when they bought the film rights of the play. This has never been used; though it shows a practical rather than a precious attitude to his creation. The flight to the Never, Never Land goes by way of New York:

> The Statue of Liberty becomes prominent. They are so tired that they all alight on it. It is slippery, and they can't find a resting-place. At first we should think it a real statue. Then we should get the effect of the statue mothering them by coming to life, to the extent of making them comfortable in her arms for the night.

Another shot shows the beginning of fairies. Adam and Eve in "a primeval wood" leave their baby on the ground.

> The child laughs and kicks joyously. Then the picture is full of little splashes whirling about like falling leaves, and when they come to rest they are gay little fairies.

For all his Presbyterian background, the Old Testament learning of one who would later be author of *The Boy David* seems to have been throughout of an unconventional kind.

Outside America and England, though, where the play has always been thoroughly at home, it has been very little performed. This is not surprising, really; its central idea must be a strange one to most Continental audiences. Germany is an exception; in 1952, Mr. Green tells us, the play was most successfully presented in Munich and Berlin, with Peter acted by a young man and Hook rather suggestively shown as "a fat, greasy villain." There has been no French version performed at all; though a production is promised this year by the *Comédie Française*, with décor by Canzou and the slightly menacing title, *Le Petit Enfant qui ne Voudrait pas Grandir*.

About the future of *Peter Pan* (now fifty years old) Mr. Green speaks with a shade of melancholy—the more so since the "commercialisation" of the play as a hospital property has encouraged the bad system of the film-star lead and the inexpensive supporting cast. Perhaps he is right in asserting that Barrie "would infinitely have preferred the Walt Disney Cartoon to the Paramount picture of 1924"—a film that disappointed the author by its lack of cinematic initiative. Barrie was professionally interested in new devices; at the same time, his aesthetic views—even at his own level—were sometimes quite extraordinary. (He seems to have sanctioned Mabel Lucie Attwell as the illustrator of *Peter Pan and Wendy* in 1921.) But perhaps what we should learn from Mr. Green's enthusiastic study is that all these things are not inconsistent. Barrie had the gift: but sentiment corrupts; genius itself cannot for long surmount this special want of taste. It is possible that Mr. Green, when he calls *Peter Pan* "the supreme work of one of our greatest dramatists," does not realise how large a claim he is making. What he shows, alas, not least to the genuine Barrie-admirer, is that there never was a time when the hard road from Kirriemuir was not, too, the soft road to Kensington.

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Nanga Parbat. By KARL M. HERRLIGKOFFER. Translated, with additional material, by ELEANOR BROCKETT and ANTON EHRENZWEIG. *Elek.* 21*s.*

Forerunners to Everest. By R. DITTERT, G. CHEVALLEY, R. LAMBERT. Translated by MALCOLM BARNES. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

The Mountain World 1954. Edited by MARCEL KURZ. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

Last year, while the British were climbing Everest, at the other end of the Himalaya a German-Austrian party was engaged on the 26,000-foot Nanga Parbat, a mountain with which their countrymen had a long and terrible association. Two previous expeditions had ended in disaster: twelve climbers and seventeen porters had perished in the blizzard of 1934 and the avalanche of 1937. Last year's climbers were horribly conscious of their load of memories—indeed, they were called the Willy Merkl Memorial Expedition, after the 1934 leader, and the prime mover had been Merkl's half-brother, who now writes this book. Dr. Herrligkoffer was not a climber, and did not himself go high on the mountain; it may have been this division of motives—was the ascent to be made for its own sake, or as an act of pious commemoration?—that led to some of the party's troubles.

The expedition succeeded brilliantly in that Hermann Buhl, a young man from Innsbruck with a fantastic record of difficult Alpine climbs, many of them made alone, reached the summit on July 3. His success was not, as Hillary's and Tensing's on Everest, the final thrust of an effort made by all the expedition. To begin with, the assault party had been ordered down because of bad weather, but had refused to go, with the result that there were two groups on the mountain, one high up, one down at Base Camp, with not much communication between them. Then, on the morning of the final assault, when Buhl and Kempter were to climb 4,000 feet to the top, Buhl started off by himself at 2.30, leaving Kempter—who was heavy with sleep, and had in any case thought they were to start later—to follow half an hour afterwards. Buhl expected to be caught up, but Kempter fell farther and farther behind—the route up a snow ridge and over a plateau was not technically difficult, but very exhausting. In the end he gave up and returned to camp, with the vital provisions which had been left for him to carry. Buhl, to lighten himself, now dumped his own rucksack, pressed on to the lower summit, down 300 feet to a gap, and up a final thousand feet of smooth rock and softening snow, to reach the top at 7 p.m.

> I was not, I must confess, at the time fully conscious of the significance of that moment, nor did I have any feeling of elation at my victory. I simply felt relieved to be on top and to know that all the sweat and toil of the ascent were behind me.

He spent the night a little way down, standing on a rock, wearing only one thin pullover, sustained only by tablets. Next day, half dazed and looking twenty years older, he staggered down to the highest camp where—as a final bizarre note—one of his colleagues was hammering to a rock a memorial plaque to the mountain's earlier victims. Why he was doing this, and was not up on the ridge on the chance of helping Buhl in, is one of the unexplained oddities of the Nanga Parbat expedition. In a final chapter Herrligkoffer refers in the most guarded terms to the quarrels after the party came home—"of the nine members of the team, six have remained my friends"—but gives no hint as to what caused them. His book is unsatisfying in other ways: he has to rely largely on the personal records of the climbing party, and it is not easy to follow the sequence of events in the ensuing patchwork of different accounts. The translators have done their very best, by adding some explanatory passages, and by contributing a long introductory section on the previous efforts on the mountain. There has been nothing like Buhl's solitary achievement in the history of mountaineering, but the whole enterprise raises dozens of questions which the book does little to answer.

Very naturally the Swiss, in the account of their two Everest expeditions of 1952, stress the pioneering side of their work; even if it is going rather too far for René Dittert to say that "no victory ever comes to pioneers" (what about Annapurna, discovered and climbed in one season?). What *Forerunners to Everest* loses in topicality by appearing after the British Everest book, it gains in the general reader's greater familiarity with the mountain. He can better appreciate just what an achievement it was to reach the South Col for the first time; what an ordeal Lambert and Tensing endured when they spent a night at 27,000 feet without sleeping-bags; what a remarkable affair was the winter expedition. It is more of a personal impression than Hunt's book, less of a campaign dispatch. Dittert is frank about the miseries of life at high altitude: the lack of water, the horrors of cooking, the hideous quality of the wind. He is frank, too, about the occasional flare-up between overwrought men, and comments, of a tremendous explosion up at the hellish South Col:

> There is no reason to hide the fact that we were not saints.... Exhaustion draws everything out of one, even one's injustice and violence, which proves nothing except that one is human.... In this instance, a good inhalation of oxygen quietened the angry spirits; Roch and Hofstetter made their peace round a litre of oxygen.

These are the natural hazards of high-altitude mountaineering; the dissensions on the Nanga Parbat expedition were clearly of a different order.

The successes on Everest and Nanga Parbat are described in shorter form in the second English issue of *The Mountain World*, that remarkable and sumptuous compendium of climbs and travels in all parts of the world, produced by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research. With, also, the Americans on K2, the French on Nun Kun, the Japanese on Manaslu—not to speak of Her Majesty's Ambassador to Ethiopia on the peaks of Ruwenzori—all splendidly mapped and illustrated, this volume excellently reflects the range and variety of mountain exploration at the present time. There is an interesting chronology of Himalayan expeditions at the end, which shows how much is still being done by the small "unofficial" venture. And the volume reflects, too, one new development: the growing interest among Indians in climbing their own mountains. Indian schoolmasters and army officers had taken part in several good expeditions before Tensing's triumph on Everest attracted official interest. Now the Indian Government has shown itself very keen to develop mountaineering. This summer it sent Tensing and six other Sherpas to a guides' course in Switzerland; and the other day I heard of Major Nandu Jayal visiting the Outward Bound School in Eskdale, to pick up tips for a proposed mountain school in Darjeeling. Taken to Gable by an Outward Bound instructor with whom he had climbed in India, Nandu Jayal shot up the Needle, leapt on top and cried "Hoop la!" A nice by-product of Tensing's glory on Everest; a pleasant reminder that climbing is also fun.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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Publishers of Unusual Books

it is unlikely that anyone will manage to escape completely.

For one thing, most fathers will need the *Junior Companion to Music* themselves. Scholes is friendly, digestible and practical. He assumes his reader to be active but ignorant, encourages activity (be it only on the Jew's harp), and not only dispels ignorance by giving his facts as simply as one could wish, but is kind enough to point out common errors and heresies, and to give helpful advice on such things as *Memory in Music*, *The Correct Way of Writing Music* and *What is a Scale?* It is very likely indeed that the father's only alternative to Scholes is to consult his children. They, however, will not deal kindly with his ignorance nor will they, if they perform upon an instrument, readily reveal their secrets. Nor dare one ask one's neighbour, of course, about music. Either he knows about it or he doesn't. There is no way of telling from his conversation. Whatever he says will make you feel inferior. Scholes is undoubtedly the only answer. Thirty-five shillings is a very reasonable price for a place in the conversation.

As far as the small grasping hands are concerned, there are so many reasons why they must have Scholes that I will select a few at random. A musical adult may be a mere listener but a musical child is a musician. A musician needs musical quotations in his dictionary, music to hear mentally or physically, for a description of a piece of music is the least useful thing imaginable. So Scholes provides a large number of complete pieces of music which may be played by the most modest performer. These pieces are so well chosen that they are easily the most significant feature of the book. If a child were to play these tunes as often as he looks at the pictures he would gain not only information about music but a permanent repertoire of actual pieces of music, many of them so simple they will be hard to forget. The illustrations are well-chosen and well-managed. (Pictures in books on music can be quite repellent.) The layout gives a certain pleasant scrap-book atmosphere to the book, a certain joviality which matches well with the author's style.

Scholes addresses himself to children between about 8 or 9 and 15 or 16. The lower ages will be mainly concerned with pictures; the higher ones may gradually tire of some of the avuncular touches. In between is a pretty broad band of assorted ages. I think they are well catered for and my guess is that the advantages of an approachable and personal style throughout far outweigh the very slight risk of seeming out of date in years to come.

Whatever risk there may be in the latter is certainly avoided in *The Arts*. It would be unfair to compare its readability with that of the *Companion* since the intentions and method of compilation are entirely different. This is the work of many hands and cannot escape the slight rigidity produced when several people write with a common commission in mind. The scope is enormous: Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Poetry, Prose and Drama. Considering that these have had to be dealt with in 480 pages the result is amazing. The standard seems to be that of the General Sixth Form and the information is certainly quite acceptable to a wide adult public. The latter would be justified in demanding a rather larger book to include, say, another five-shillingsworth of coloured plates (there are eight very beautiful ones at present). But for the other illustrations there can be nothing but praise if only for the sheer number of them (they occupy about a third of the volume).

This is excellent value of course. Though the length of each article must be strictly limited, there is a satisfying provision of information both historical and technical. There are also a number of detailed descriptions of major works of art such as the Taj Mahal, the Venus de Milo, the Canterbury Tales, and the Divine Comedy. But I would pay another few shillings for a little more colour.

GORDON REYNOLDS

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FABER & FABER

AFTER THE APOCALYPSE

More Than Human. By THEODORE STURGEON. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Mutant. By HENRY KUTTNER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Satellite E One. By JEFFERY LLOYD CASTLE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Fallen Sky. By PETER CROWCROFT. *Peter Nevill*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

World in Eclipse. By WILLIAM DEXTER. *Peter Owen*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

West of the Sun. By EDGAR PANGBORN. *Hale*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Science fiction is an odd and complex phenomenon, more sociological, really, than literary. Confronted by an amorphous batch of it, published during the past two months or so, I feel disoriented, in need of an angle. There are various possibles. The clinical-psychological is one from which there is plenty to be said. To begin with, much of present-day science fiction is neither science nor fiction but merely fantasy. Owing to the untrammelled nature of the genre, this fantasy wells up from deep unconscious levels. Many science fiction writers are expressing crude, unsublimated mental processes, akin to that infantile state of mind which Freud called "the Omnipotence of Thought." We amateur psycho-analysts can sit back and diagnose them to our hearts' content; typical paranoid-schizophrenic projection mechanisms with prevailing destructivist trend; ditto, but with some Utopian sublimation; madly aggressive obsessional nihilism, and so on. Nor is this by any means far-fetched, for the delusions of paranoid schizophrenes really are very like some science fiction. In mental hospitals, for many years now, the staff have had to distinguish between the Radio, where the B.B.C. programmes come from, and the Wireless, that emits mysterious rays by which patients claim they are being influenced.

Then there is the rather optimistic attitude according to which Science Fiction is a new, twentieth-century city folk-lore, which is supplanting crime fiction; it also expresses the general realisation of the great dilemma, Utopia or extinction, and carries on the didactic tradition. I believe a rather similar point of view is expressed by some daring Soviet Russian critics, though they are, of course, careful to divide science fiction into progressive, expressing "legitimate positive humanist aspirations," and reactionary, or destructivist, inspired, no doubt, by the Pentagon. There is also the satirical angle to be considered. With the U.S.A. in its present state of fervid obscurantism, any American work of science fiction with pretentions to literacy needs to be scrutinised for veiled satire.

With all this to bear in mind, in a field where the literary influences may range from Edgar Rice Burroughs to Kafka, the conscientious science fiction critic has got his work cut out. But when I turn to the books themselves my first reaction is a simple cry from the heart: why can't they write better? Mr. Sturgeon, an American, has the most talent and imagination of these six, and is the nearest approach to a novelist, but he is maddeningly turgid. His science is non-existent. He certainly exhibits symptoms of Omnipotence of Thought, and though he winds up on a Utopian note, I shrink from a complete diagnosis. *More Than Human* is about several minds—six, I make it—who come together telepathically to form a new Homo Gestalt, of whom we never get the real integrated impression. There is much play with various psychic capers such as teleportation and telekenisis. The individuals are three psychic freaks: a clever little girl and a pair of mute Negro twins; a mongoloid baby with phenomenal computing powers; and an orphan boy wonderfully telepathic. At first they are ruled by Lone, a demi-idiot, yet of such genius that he can invent a degravitating device (shades of Wells's Cavorite). When he dies the orphan boy takes over and turns paranoically ambitious, but Janie comes to the rescue with a little morality. If there is any social satire here, it is pretty heavily veiled.

Dr. Rhine is already proving a boon to the wilder school of science fiction writer. *Mutant*, also American, also reeks of telepathy. As a result of radio-activity after the great Blow-Up, a new race of hairless Mutants, known as Baldies, has emerged. They can read the minds of ordinary saps like books. Some of them are paranoid and plotting to seize power, but our hero, Al Burkhalter, is a decent, sociable, wig-wearing Baldie, who respects the mental privacy of the average sap, and scotches the plot; Operation Apocalypse is frustrated and once again the Globe is saved. There is almost certainly some allegory here, but I would prefer you to decipher it for yourselves. The writing is vigorous, but these Mutant Baldies are difficult to characterise—unlike Mr. Norris.

Satellite E One, by a British author I think, is a plain, straightforward piece of documentary that might well carry the imprimatur of the Interplanetary Society. It describes, in meticulous detail, the building, in 2017, of the first man-made Earth satellite. Its characters are tight-lipped and express very high-minded sentiments: "It is the effort to get there that counts." This is by far the most scientific book of the batch, also the least fictional; it would make a good Christmas present for an egg-headed schoolboy.

The next two, also British I imagine, are both rather sad, a trifle destructivist, perhaps, though not aggressive. *The Fallen Sky*, which is comparatively well written, opens with Dr. Robert Elman skulking furtively along the atomically wrecked ruins of Oxford Street; he finds some other survivors, including a girl friend, Eve, and snuggles through the London winter, now confirmedly Arctic. *World In Eclipse* is told by Denis Grafton, Technical Archivist, Number One, who together with a handful of Humans, including the crew of the *Marie Celeste*, was kidnapped by successive raids from the planet Vulcan. He is a member of an expedition sent

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back to Earth, now uninhabited owing to the premature explosion of the thorium bomb, to prospect colonisation possibilities. There is a good deal of sparring between various crypto-forces and, in the end, a Second Chance for a small group of sorely tried humans. The science is not very strong; travelling at the speed of light is taken for granted.

West Of The Sun is another American book, but its author is not so psychiatrically obsessed. After some impressive astrodynamics, the Argo lands on Lucifer, which turns out to be inhabited by very cross pygmies and gentle giants. The expedition manages to restore peace. Some admirably progressive sentiments are expressed but the characters, whether Luciferians or Earthies, remain very wooden. The date is roughly A.D. 2056.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

US AND OURS

England and the English. By CHARLES DUFF. *Boardman.* 18*s.*

Sedgemoor and Avalon. By DESMOND HAWKINS. *Hale.* 18*s.*

Northamptonshire. By TONY IRESON. *Hale.* 18*s.*

English Cottages and Farmhouses. By OLIVE COOK and EDWIN SMITH. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

Log Hut. By THOMAS FIRBANK. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Once more, on the pretty dust-cover of *England and the English*, St. George slays the Dragon. Such a reproachful dragon, so mild a deliverance: a rose springs from the seashore—the poor creature may well have been sniffing it, a barque on the bouncy waves, hills and a many-eared stook round out the scene. But even if we assume (as I don't think we can) that the saint's halo is already half tennis-racket and the negligent lance a punt pole—how does it all concern us?

Mr. Charles Duff it doesn't at all concern. He has quite other emblems in mind. Not St. George but the Beaker Man would provide his central figure—Beaker Folk or Celts being our mainspring of character. Beside them Romans, Normans, and others were mere invaders, who came and went, or stayed and gave in: and anyway, the Normans were Beaker Folk too. But after a while we weren't taking more. We had our Bible; we had Shakespeare; we had Protestant Monarchy, but needed warts; we expanded, we stodged, we approached our succession of finest hours; and underneath Cockneyism and the Welfare State we're the same old breed at heart. I don't know how this will appeal to historians; me it diverts, and I'd as least be a Brython as one of your blue-blooded or blue-bedaubed. What *is* a Celt? Never mind: ethnologically he may not exist, but is tall, blonde, and blue-eyed, or dark, short, and hook-nosed, or even red-haired and round-headed—but the more Celtic for that. There must be some fairy origin to a people who will fly from cottages to flats, and bear-baiting to cricket, without budging an inch in nature. My own explanation is that we are descended from the Horse, and confidently expect to return to him.

Such gambades are almost bound to afflict the dealer in nationalities, and Celticism suits Mr. Duff, being an Irishman with forty years' residence in England. He knows us; he can say what we can't, and his guesses are as good as another's. Our ruling characteristics, he decides, are our love of stability, our winding instincts through confusion, and a curious genius for turning defeat into victory. Unremarkable but sound conclusions; and full marks for putting the sense of humour fourth. After a first part exploring developments, *England and the English* goes on, with more trace of the guide-book, to rural and urban rides.

The personal guides are in full feather or spate. A Regional Book comes from Mr. Desmond Hawkins, who delights in the two names of his title, in the low, sweet country lying between Quantocks and Mendips, cider-making, mead, sheep, willowy "rhines," Glastonbury, abbots, and elvers. The bog-myrtle catches his eye, not only as an aromatic plant, but for its uses, which include wax for candles, a yellow dye, and fodder. *Northamptonshire* is a County Book, more restricted by local pride, riches, worthies, and lore; but beguiling enough in its way, which is most people's out-of-the-way. My experience as a guide-book skimmer is that it is best to come late to these series and pick the places you have driven by quickest.

English Cottages and Farmhouses gluts the appetite with 273 splendid photographs. Here again one's relish is bounded very often by the page: a stone's throw away, we are told, is a drab group of council houses or a forest of television aerials. No car must intrude on thatched gables, weatherboarded sweet-shop, or slotted barn; a kettle may boil, but away with the frig.; old wheels and gates lazily foreground the view. To lose oneself in this ideal world is a rare pleasure, and if the last fish-tiled front or demure Gothic folly were swept away by the wickedness of our sight-seeing times, they would remain here entablatured.

The trouble is we've got both too much taste and too little. It's a relief to find Mr. Firbank, who fell in love with a preposterous log house in a wilderness of flowers and trees on Dartmoor. He bargained, bought, installed his family, and they set to like Swiss Family Robinson to make lawns out of bracken wastes and revive streams to sweep across neighbours' drives. He raised an enormous pig, and had to share, even more enormously, in its demise and dismemberment. He packed off hundreds of boxes of holly for the Christmas market, cut and sold peat to market gardeners. His wife kept hens and creamed nettles; his children brought everything live indoors including some most endearing bats. All this handy jobbing is described in a practical way that gathers humours like a snowball. Mr. Firbank makes the lives of natives and retired admirals no less fascinating. What heroic energy he shows! For previously, it seems, he had raised sheep and a family among the Welsh hills, and given an account of it in *I Bought a Mountain*. He's a great buyer, a fiend in the struggle with nature, a descriptive writer of charm, and one can't help wondering what on earth he will do next. It is a trait of the English to be peculiarly so, and I suppose he would be claimed by Mr. Duff as a full Beaker Man.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Smith. By KATE CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Valley. By DOROTHY CHARQUES. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Beyond the Glass. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Crown of Convolvulus. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I have always suspected that it is impossible to live in the Lake District. Looking at the mountains wears out your back-muscles; looking at the deep water numbs your intellect; you are bound to feel like an insect or a tripper.

> "Although, mind you," remarked Harold, "it's the kind of country to drive an artist crazy. All this self-conscious posing for effect, this deliberate, delicately-arranged balance of thrust and counter-thrust, this inevitable, exquisite folding of one contour into another—" the very lights and shadows moved about it with a sense of theatre and would dramatise, now this feature, now that, "—is the regrettable effect of too many poets."

So much natural rhetoric dwarfs the gestures of human beings. And that, unfortunately, is what happens to Harold, the hero of *Smith*. He is an immensely conscientious, immensely mother-ridden intelligent middle-aged country gentleman. He would like to love a girl at a neighbouring farm. He would like to fulfil all his obligations. He is near breaking under his load of duties, and yet he persists in adding to them by employing Smith. Smith is his ex-batman, shrewd, viva-

cious and as crooked as they come. Inevitably he ruins every one of Harold's plans, and finishes by getting away with murder.

Now there are many reasons why people like Harold do in fact stick to people like Smith. Mrs. Christie gives eight or ten incompatible but highly ingenious ones in her first few chapters. But towards the middle of the book she seems to get tired of the tangled human situation she has created; what is a trifling difference of motives, after all, if you have a mountain to climb? So the analysis is dropped, and the characters, becoming somewhat wooden, are allowed to totter on to their predestined, rather unlikely, end. But the book remains a remarkable one, partly because of the vigour of its dialogue, never quaint yet always authentic, and partly because it conveys magnificently the power of that wintry, serene, fantastic countryside. A good book to read if you are sick of people anyway.

If you are not, you might try *The Valley*. It will not, like *Smith* and a lot of other intelligent novels, work hard to persuade you that its characters did something extremely improbable. There *are* improbabilities, but the author has a take-it-or-leave-it attitude which makes them inoffensive. We assume that, had a volcano not destroyed that island just after the hero had explored it, he would have left his notes in a bus or evaded fame in some other less startling way. He is that sort of man. (Personally I find this method far less wearing than the Ancient Mariner I-can-explain-anything-if-you-give-me-time approach.) The essential story is natural enough. It is that of two people who part for a year to find what has gone wrong with their marriage. They discover enough about their past and present selves to clear the matter up. I will admit that my heart sank when I found that the narrator (the husband) was a quiet, slightly pedantic character. So often these well-drawn, slightly dense narrators turn out to be thin masks for dense authors. But not this time. It is a pleasing and sensitive novel, certainly not exceptionally forceful, but exceptionally unforced. The Valley where most of the action takes place, unlike most symbols of refreshment, is in fact refreshing.

Beyond the Glass is a very much more serious, in fact a frightening book. You will notice that, while all three books are by women, *Smith* and *The Valley* are about men; rather feminine men certainly, but men, and busy on fairly dramatic masculine business. This device allows their creators to manipulate them from a certain distance; neither author nor reader is much involved. *Beyond the Glass*, on the other hand, is about a young woman going mad, and Miss White (it has always been her strength) stands squarely behind her central character and gives it us 3-D. The book continues the series which began with *Frost in May*. In it the heroine, whose marriage is in process of annulment, is suddenly swept into a fantastic, brief, luminous, transfiguring love-affair which turns out to be the prelude to a nervous breakdown. Both the prelude and the delusions of madness are described with extraordinary vigour and poetry. There are appalling moments of consciousness in the asylum, and a most moving account of the slow, incredibly difficult return to sanity. There is also a richly comic scene before the climax is reached, with a delightful pansy character, who vanishes all too soon. The only trouble is that this heroine, now as ever, is so welded to her papa that she is only half a person. She returns to him after this adventure as she has done after the others. Her attempt to go on the stage failed; her marriage (and there was much made of the finality of a Catholic marriage) can be annulled, she loses her lover and recovers from her madness. The family situation remains absolutely unchanged. I find it stuffy and I suspect that Miss White does too, yet she seems stuck in it. Perhaps this fixed microscope is a necessary piece of equipment for her extraordinarily truthful and delicate study of feelings. But I would like to see her try once to do without it.

Not many people can write a book of short stories without giving away a certain monotony in their imagination. One usually begins to recognise the same rabbit coming out of all the hats. *A Crown of Convolvulus* however, in spite of its modest and slightly folksy title, encircles ten excellent and highly varied rabbits. If there is a dominant theme, it is the intrusion of wild reality on a quiet domestic illusion. But this does not mean what it so often does: that the author is a smug child who has put a squib in his neighbour's desk in order to laugh at the bang. Miss Lane knows that domestic illusions are real enough in their way, and are necessary nine-tenths of the time. But they are, in fact, punctuated by shocks, and it is the shocks which she portrays. A girl who has been merely difficult suddenly goes into a convent; a dutiful daughter, overdriven, goes mad; a plot to get rid of an awful dog causes the death of his mistress; a widow discovers and tries to adopt her husband's illegitimate child. Miss Lane observes them all with quiet and ironic objectivity, yet she never slips into caricature. It is a shrewd and extremely effective book.

MARY SCRUTTON

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The latest World's Classics (Oxford) are Stevenson's and Osbourne's *The Wrong Box*, the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle translated and introduced by Sir David Ross—5s. each; and, at 8s. 6d. each, a selection by Frederick Page from the *Letters of John Keats*, and Flora Thompson's delightful picture of a country upbringing, *Lark Rise to Candleford*. *The Duke's Children* has been added to the Oxford Illustrated Trollope, with drawings by Charles Mozley (25s.); *Barnaby Rudge* (12s. 6d.) and *Christmas Books* (10s. 6d.), with the original illustrations by Phiz, Tenniel and others, to the Oxford Illustrated Dickens. The final volume of the Oxford Illustrated Jane Austen, with pictures from contemporary sources, is the *Minor Works* (21s.). Recent additions to Everyman (Dent, 6s. a volume) are *War and Peace* (3 volumes) with the original Everyman anonymous translation revised and slightly expanded; Dryden's *Poems;* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* three Ibsen *Plays* (*Doll's House*, *Wild Duck*, *Lady from the Sea*); *Moby Dick*; and *Twenty-Four One-Act Plays*, selected by John Hampden.

The four volumes of the Nelson Classics chosen to illustrate the new format of the series—plain linen bindings in blue, green, maroon or brown, with an elegant scrollwork dustcover—are the *Essays of Elia*, Tennyson's *Poems*, *Humphry Clinker*, and *Ivanhoe* (Nelson, 4s. each).

Joseph Andrews and Disraeli's *Sybil* are new Penguins (2s. 6d. each), Einzig's *How Money Is Managed* and Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* are half-crown Pelicans, while A. S. Romer's *Man and the Vertebrates* (in two volumes) and Geoffrey Faber's *Oxford Apostles* are three-and-sixpenny ones. Two recent Pan Books are Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl* (2s.) and Michael Barsley's *Wit and Humour* (which originally appeared as the *Phœnix Book of Wit and Humour*—2s. 6d.). Goldsmith (in The Citizen of the World) and Victor Hugo (a centenary oration) on *Voltaire* make up a Miniature Book; two others are James I's *Counter-Blaste to Tobacco* and Regnard's *Satire Against Husbands* (Rodale Press, 5s. each).

Vol. VI of the Twickenham Pope edited by Norman Ault and John Butt—*Minor Poems*—is available (Methuen, 45s.); and the Hogarth Press have reissued the *Selected Poems of Hölderlin* in J. B. Leishman's translation, with some revisions, and an additional poem (The Archipelago). H. F. M. Prescott's early novel, *The Unhurrying Chase*, has been reissued by Eyre & Spottiswoode (12s. 6d.); *Nocturne* appears in Frank Swinnerton's collected edition (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Miracle Boy* in Louis Golding's (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.); and the latest volume in Somerset Maugham's is *The Partial View* (Heinemann, 15s.) which contains *The Summing-Up* and *A Writer's Notebook*.

The *Complete Plain Words* of Sir Ernest Gowers—containing his two masterly works on the subject—comes from the Stationery Office at 5s. Eric Walter White's study of *Benjamin Britten* has been reissued (Boosey & Hawkes, 12s. 6d.) Standard works again in print include Arnold Wilson's *The Persian Gulf* (Allen & Unwin, 25s.); Cecil Stewart's *Early Christian, Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture* (Longmans, 30s.); Robert R. Rusk's *Doctrines of the Great Educators* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.); and Nevins's and Commager's *Story of a Free People* with a new chapter about the last war (Oxford, 15s.) *A Treasury of Science*, edited by Harlow Shapley, Samuel Rapport and Helen Wright, now appears in a third edition (Angus & Robertson, 21s.).

SHORTER REVIEWS

Max Horton and the Western Approaches. By REAR-ADMIRAL W. S. CHALMERS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16s.

Admiral Sir Max Horton was neither the best-known nor the most lovable of the sailors who directed our naval strategy during the last war, but there were few men to whom we are more deeply indebted for our survival. This biography is able and penetrating. Horton emerges as a figure of granite, loving power and using it ruthlessly, and one needs no deep interest in naval affairs to be enthralled by this study in the development of the Roman virtues. A high-spirited boy grew into a submarine officer whose skill and boldness opened new possibilities for the young service; and this able and human young man forced himself, as he grew older, into a different mould. He became brusque with his friends, solitary in his habits; in solitude he turned to mysticism; and as he mounted the steps of power he became a man lonely, ascetic and dedicated as a priest. It was this awe-inspiring officer who took over the Western Approaches in the autumn of 1942, to the alarm of its staff. With the appointment went control of the Battle of the Atlantic, which at that moment was going catastrophically badly. American intervention had not yet made itself effectively felt;

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the Germans had perfected their technique of the "wolf-pack" and long-range aerial reconnaissance, and in November they had sunk 117 ships. Within five months of Horton's assuming command allied losses had been reduced by 50 per cent.; within six Doenitz announced that U-Boat losses were becoming unbearable. The Battle for the Atlantic was won, and with it the war.

A commander takes credit for the success of his subordinates, as he bears the responsibility for their failure, and Horton's laurels must be shared among the thousands of heroic, ingenious and hard-working men who worked under him. Without the development of radar Horton could have done little. But the genius of a leader makes itself subtly felt even through the slow-moving and complex channels of a modern command, and Horton brought to his work three invaluable qualities: a submariner's understanding of his enemy; a mastery of the technical problems involved; and the ability to scare the wits out of everyone who worked for him. His friends could not call him an amiable man, but his enemies cannot deny him the title of greatness.

George Stephenson. By JOHN ROWLAND. *Odhams.* 15*s.*

Mr. Rowland's life of George Stephenson, the railway engineer, has the unfortunately chosen subtitle, "Creator of Britain's Railways," which gives the impression that this is one of those embarrassingly juvenile books on railway history. In fact, he avoids the pointless attempt to prove that anyone in particular invented the locomotive, nor does he speculate on what might have happened if there had been no George Stephenson. But although many people were concerned with the development of railways, Stephenson was significant because he went further than the other pioneers of steam traction by combining his abilities of invention and engineering with those of business. The book is largely concerned with his activities (and those of his son, Robert) up to the opening in 1830 of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the first important line in Britain.

Samuel Smiles's life of the engineer, the only other full-scale biography of him, written a hundred years ago, is not superseded by Mr. Rowland's book, although a number of mistakes are corrected; Smiles gave a long account of Stephenson's life after 1830, which is only hastily summarised here. However, the prime recommendation of the book, apart from its new material and its well-chosen illustrations, is that the author asks and answers questions. While the occasional errors of fact and judgment will reduce its value to the student, the general result is adult, exciting and readable.

My Left Foot. By CHRISTY BROWN. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Brown, who at the age of 21 writes his autobiography, suffers from a form of brain injury at birth which resulted in helplessness, writhing movements and the inability to speak. The writing of the book is a proof of not only his own efforts but his mother's energy and belief in him. Though she bore 22 children in a small house in Dublin, and 13 of them survived, she yet made time to teach this middle son whom doctors had given up as mentally defective. Suddenly finding that he could use his left foot for grasping, painting and writing, Mr. Brown in his unhappy adolescence took refuge in the only kind of self-expression left to him. Earlier his brothers and sisters had taken him so much for granted that he had hardly realised that anything was wrong. This book tells simply, with some humour, of family life. It includes a trip to Lourdes, which brought spiritual exaltation but not physical improvement. It ends hopefully, for the author was drawn from his solitude by Dr. Robert Collis, who was trying in Dublin a new treatment for cerebral palsy.

One would expect the life of such a boy to have distinctive experiences, a spiritual growth different from the average. In fact Mr. Brown sees the world of his family and friends very much as a normal boy would, except that he had more time to give to the arts. In his teens he did begin to feel different, watching his brothers and sisters growing to maturity, work and marriage while he himself remained static. He had the feeling too of being imprisoned in his body without an outlet. Rather drily he describes how he contemplated suicide. But in general he is so much like other young men that the reader tends to forget his disabilities and so to give him less honour than he deserves. Here and there he shows traces of pride in achievement but nowhere of self-pity.

A Flier's World. By WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The technical advances in flying which have been made since Orville Wright's first powered hop have been enormous; but in spite of providing man with virtually another dimension from which to view his world, flying has had no measurable influence on his literature. One possible reason for this is that until recently the majority of those who flew were, above all, engineering enthusiasts; and it is only rarely that such an enthusiast is also an imaginative writer. Mr. Wolfgang Langewiesche, who is an experienced pilot, sets out bravely to convey "something of the strange, topsy-turvy, illogical and wholly satisfying world of the pilot." He begins by summarising the theory of flight, jet engines and meteorology for the man-in-the-street, but he tends to over-colloquialise.

Although in the second half of the book he sketches something of the airman's peculiar vision of cloud and landscape, he never succeeds in making this vision real for the reader. One is left with experience at second-hand.

Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Photographs by ALVIN LANGDON COBURN. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

It was a pleasant idea to republish these essays, which originally appeared in P. G. Hamerton's *Portfolio* in 1878 and to illustrate them—for the first time—with photographs. Of Edinburgh Stevenson wrote: "In a word and above all she is a curiosity." Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn's pictures, always sensitive and patiently studied, are perhaps a trifle too gentle to re-animate the challenge of the curious in the sense in which Stevenson detected it as the source of Edinburgh's fascination. Some, taken over fifty years ago, do indeed capture an Edinburgh which welfare and conscious preservation are today rapidly effacing; others evoke only the wan poetry which winter sunshine brings to any smoky, stone-built British town. Behind the photographs is the story, told by Miss Adam Smith in her preface, of Mr. Coburn's association with Henry James as portraitist and illustrator. That was a long time ago and the photographs gain in interest from their disparity in date—the same eye visiting a scene in 1905, revisiting it in 1950.

The Ascent of Alpamayo. By GEORGES KOGAN and NICOLE LEININGER. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

To Continental climbers the Andes have lately been almost as powerful an attraction as the Himalaya; and one of the happiest and most successful of the post-war expeditions is recorded in this agreeable and unpretentious narrative. Six French and three Belgians, including two wives, went off in 1951 to the Cordillera Blanca of Peru. There was no public fuss, they never felt the eyes of their countrymen upon them: they did not even have a formal leader but climbed, as they had so often done in the Alps, as equals, and to please and satisfy themselves alone. Naturally they hoped for victory "but not at all costs." After a failure to reach the top of Huascaran they had their big success on Alpamayo, a beautiful and formidable ice-mountain 20,000 feet high; then the two women, led by the seven-stone Claude Kogan, made a feminine record by climbing Quitaraju alone. There are no heroics in the narrative of the climbers' progress from Lima to Hacienda, to high camps, to the final bivouac in an ice-cave under Alpamayo's summit. The reader is drawn in to share the pleasures of the country, the company of this agreeable group of friends: and the French authors can rest assured that their translator, Peter E. Thompson, has most sensitively caught and transmitted the spirit of their gay informal approach.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,288

Set by Allan O. Waith

Kent speleologists are reported to have met in Chislehurst Caves, dressed in skins, to eat a prehistoric meal of fungi, wild fruits, nuts and mead. They were accompanied by pigs and ponies. Competitors are asked to report, in not more than 150 words, on a comparable gathering in a thousand years' time, to reconstruct from equally exiguous evidence one of the following: a Promenade Concert; a United Nations Assembly; a Cup Final; a Chelsea Arts Ball; a Blackpool Bank Holiday; a Royal Academy Dinner. Entries by November 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,285

Set by G. de Vavasour

Touchstone, in his account of "quarrelling by the book," gives, as the seven degrees after the opening attack: the Retort courteous; the Quip modest; the Reply churlish; the Reproof valiant; the Counter-check quarrelsome; the Lie with circumstance; the Lie direct. Competitors are asked to supply a set of textbook illustrations of these stages, as between an Author and a Publisher; an Artist and an Art Critic; *or* a Logical Positivist and a Metaphysician. Eight phrases including the opening attack (four to each opponent) are required for this exchange, which may be conducted by postcard, telegram, telephone, or face to face.

Report by G. de Vavasour

Not a great deal of rapier-work; but then it takes all sorts to make a quarrel. Our own Reproof, with circumstance, would be to those competitors who—evidently crediting the setter with unnatural powers of memory—did not set down before each utterance its descriptive term. What we complain about was not only the vertigo caused by the pendulum-like movement between chart and entry, but the fact that the entrants could so easily forget which riposte they were illustrating. The Opening Attack went well enough: "What do you think of my picture?" had a particularly bold economy. But the Quip Modest was continually giving trouble; many were frankly defeated in the attempt. (It should, perhaps, be practised before a mirror.) As for the Lie Direct, with its exquisite possibilities, it was sad to find how often this was merely a piece of coarsely phrased abuse. Quarrels rose most readily between authors and publishers; few philosophers seemed to care for a part in a duologue—or, if they did, to confine themselves to its terms. Prizes are shared between D. H. M. Cook, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Jack Browning, Jacith, R. Hemington, Eileen M. Haggitt. Jim Parrott is highly commended; so too are Jolyon Lea, Geoffrey Coleby, Vera Tefer, Derwent May, R. Tiley.

ARTIST AND ART CRITIC: BY POSTCARD

Opening Attack: Your criticism of my exhibition was in extremely bad taste and ill-informed to boot.
Retort Courteous: Thank you for your card, and you must know that I am always glad to hear from you.
Quip Modest: What a pity your critical acumen is not up to the standard of your courtesy.
Reply Churlish: My quality as critic has never before been called in question, save by second-rate people.
Reproof Valiant: I may be a second-rate person, but I am a first-rate artist, in the opinion of all who matter.
Countercheck Quarrelsome: I was not aware that you ever heard the opinions of those who matter.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

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CHARMING double and single bed-sits., one flatlet, all furnished. Bromley, Kent. Convenient London. Ravensbourne 0533.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

TEACHER 26 years wishes to share her own furnished flat with female companion. West London Box 1939.

ATTRACTIVELY furn. flatlet. Large sunny sitting-room (2 divans), pleasant kit./dining room. Bthrm., own meter. N.W.2. 'Phone before 10.30 a.m. or after 6 p.m. GLA. 5035.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

LGE. well-furn. b/s. rm. Earls Ct.; ckg., c.h.w. tel., linen, crock., serv. FRE. 4097.

OCCASIONAL visits to London, large bed-sitting room near Swiss Cottage; bus 2, 13, 31, 59, Mod. Box 1968.

COMF. bed-sitting-room suit business or prof. gentleman. Flat 5, Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

AT St. John's Wood, Nov. 1, a nice room for business lady in modern flat, central heating, facilities for light cooking in kitchen. 3½*gns.* weekly. CUN. 5709.

TWO furn. flats to let N. London, lge. attract. rms., overlooking meadow, 3 rms. 70*s.*, 2 rms. 65*s.* each dining., kit. Box 1934.

GENTLEWOMAN offers comf. bedroom, h. & c. basin, radiator, use bath, luxury flat S.W.1. Use kitchen, breakfast, supper, food provided £5 5*s.* Or full boarder £6 10*s.* Suit quiet lady working city. Box 1907.

BUSINESS woman, thirties, interests professional & arts, could offer bed-sitter & share spacious Kensington flat. Rent approx. £4 p.w. WEStern 1272 or Box 1904.

LARGE furn. room flatlet with own kitchen (self-cont.) 4*gns.* Finchley Rd. (by Arkwright Library). HAM. 2796.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room with gas ring. 25*s.* per week. S.E.22. Box 1825.

1/2 modern furn. rooms, light, hot water, linen, use of k. & b., gdn., tel. Parking space. Near Green Line buses, Northern Line. No restrictions. COL. 8995.

BLACKHEATH Village, 20 mins. Charing X, furnished flat, share bathroom, £3 double, 30*s.* single p.w. 'Phone LEE 8121.

FURNISHED flat, top floor S. Highgate house. 2 rooms, kit. & bathroom. Suit 2 women. £3 10*s.* p.w. Box 2012.

HAMPSTEAD: beautiful lge. b/s. rm. (27ft. × 14ft.), overlkg. Heath: balcony; quiet, well-fur. Suit 1/2. 3*gns.* HAM. 4645.

SHARE flat mod. block, c.h., c.h.w., 'frig., bathrm., separate toilet. No restrictions. WIL. 7182. 8.30-9 a.m.

W. Hampstead bed-sit. room h. & c., bkfst., occasional meals if reqd. HAM. 4413.

SWISS Cottage. Large divan-sitting room with separate kit. Students welcome. No restrictions. £3. PRI. 7361 after 7 p.m.

NICELY furn. single rooms to let. 67 The Avenue, London, N.W.6. WIL. 7147.

LARGE newly furnished bed-sitting room to let. Ring ST'Amford Hill 5085.

PROF. woman offers another 2 newly furnished rooms in spacious flat W.9. Fitted basin. C.h.w. Cooking facs. 3½*gns.* p.w. CUN. 5306 after 7 or week-end.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. Tube, lge. luxury sgle. div.-room, fitted carpet, new contemp. furniture, concealed ckr. in room, use kit., bath., gdn., tel. £3 5*s.* MOU. 9610.

FURN. s.c. flat H'smith; b/sitting room, dining-kit., bath, large cupboards, own entrance. £4 p.w. RIV. 8176 evgs.

SUNNY well-furn. single divan-sitter to let in modern court W. Hampstead. All convens. Use bath, kit., light meals. Tel. Suit prof./business lady or gentleman. MAI. 5408 evenings, week-end. Refs.

BED-sitting-room in family house near Lords. 30*s.* p.w. & sitting-in. MAI. 9929.

THREE small furnished rooms, use of studio, kitchen, bath and garden. Near TV studios Shepherds Bush. Reasonable to reliable people. Ref. required. Box 1686.

HOLLOWAY. Prof. couple will let large sgle. furn. bed-sit., use large garden, kit., bathroom. 35*s.* Ring NOR. 4103.

QUEEN'S Gate. 5 rm. unf. flat £387 inc. No premium. 4 yrs. lease. Box 1869.

FURN. rm. Use kit., bath., phone, Chelsea. 2*gns.* inc. light and htng. Box 1885.

BED-SITTER in yng. grad. hshold. Gd. k. & b. £2 p.w. WES. 4295.

TO be let to young business lady, 2 comf. rooms in pleasant private house. Hampstead Heath. All conveniences. Box 1714.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HIGHGATE, nr. Tube, 2 large nice bed-sitting-rooms. Breakfast & evg. snack. 3*gns.* each. Prof. family. Box 1622.

PLEASANT bed-sitting-room, Alexandra Park. Kitchenette. People who 'phoned before please ring again. BOW. 8092.

HIGHGATE (nr.). Beaut. furn. flat; lge. b/s., sep. k. & bthrm. Use frig. 72*s.* 6*d.* wk. sgle.; 84*s.* dbl. MOU. 5196 after 6.

O.K. Children, Bassoons, etc. S/c. part-furn. flat, Wimbledon Common. 4 rooms, kit. & bath, 'phone, use garden, good transport, shops. 5½*gns.* WIM. 0568.

WEMBLEY Park. Large lounge dining-room, double bedroom, large fitted kit. All well furn. 4½*gns.* wkly. ARNold 3227.

NR. Nth. Dulwich Stn., 12 mins. Ldn. Bdge. S/c furn. flat to let. Large lounge with 'phone. Bedroom, kit., bathrm., 4*gns.* p.w. 'Phone evgs. FORest Hill 1374.

HOUSEBOAT for sale. Moored Chelsea. Furn. converted landing craft. Elect., Calor gas cooker, 'phone avail. Suit cple. £400. Miss Noar, 106 Cheyne Walk, S.W.10.

NEAR Clare, Suffolk. Furnished cottage to let. Box 1677.

FURNISHED cottage to let for 6 months, £10 monthly, between Cannes & Grasse, 3 rooms, electricity, running water. Box 1818.

2-ROOMED c.h. Court flat in Chalk Farm, in exch. for similar in Golders Green. PRI. 3244 or Box 1965.

EXCHANGE 10-rm. s.d. house, rent/rates £133, Herne Hill, nr. stn., buses, for 2 bedrm. house/flat (grd.), conv. Victoria, 2 adults, quiet tenants. Box 1950.

GRADUATE seeks small bed-sitting room. London. Box 1924.

ACADEMIC family (3) seek s/c flat Putney area, for 6 weeks starting Jan. 1, before returning Australia. PUTney 4865.

£250. offd. for fixtures by widow for sm. unfurn. Cen. London flat. Box 1778.

UNFURN. studio/flat reqd. for Jan., 1955, 2 young painters willing consider any offer. Box 1712 or phone FRE. 5356 evngs.

YOUNG woman civil servant returning from Canal Zone reqs. room, use kit. (or share flat) modern block easy reach S.W.1, for app. 6 mths. from Dec. 1. Replies (Forces Air Mail 2½d). W. E. Smith, Civilian Mess, G.H.Q., M.E.L.F. 17 before Nov. 30.

MARRIED student seeks furn. or unfurn. s/c flat. Max. £3 10*s.* Box 1801.

BACHELOR, 38, seeks small flat, unfur./fur. Must be self-cont. Nr. Hampstead. Excel refs. Evgs. MOU. 7326. Box 1867.

AUSTRALIAN Univ. couple require s/c. furn./unfurn. flat. Central or N.W. London. CHA. 5938 evgs. or Box 1918.

YOUNG designer, wife and two babies, seek home. Unfurnished/part-furnished. £200 available for advance rent. Box 1814.

WANTED Cent. London, 2 s/c furn. flats for 2 & 3 women grads. Mid-Nov. Non-basement. Tels. Full partics. Box 1811.

LANDLADIES and human beings: Quiet woman student would appreciate simple accom. at reasonable rent, within walking distance Gower Street, W.C.1. Box 1753.

WANTED: accommodation for mother and boy of five. Pref. with similar family. N.W.8. or near. Box 1754.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

FURN. or unfurn. cottage or flat urgently required by family returned from abroad. Area bounded by Chelmsford, Epping and Chigwell. Reasonable rent. Box 2056.

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D. M. Cook

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER: BY TELEGRAM

O.A.: Friends say, book booming,
Why royalties not zooming?
R.C.: Because each lends,
One book, ten friends.
Q.M.: Maybe they couldn't wait to try,
Or take time off to go and buy.
R.C.: Admiration, cold or hot,
Never boiled the porridge pot.
R.V.: Well, I can live on bread and cheese
And a little Chianti, if you please.
C.Q.: No doubt you'll starve through many winters,
I must pay agents, binders, printers.
L. w. C.: For my next book I've wondrous plans,
And you should see my mail from fans.
L.D.: No small perversion, still same wife,
What are you doing with your life?
Publicity won't run, it creaks—
I haven't sold a book for weeks!

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR: BY TELEGRAM

O.A.: Promised MS not yet received, despite contract deadline.
R.C.: You will have it as soon as completed.
Q.M.: Hope I shan't have to come down and get it myself.
R.C.: Your presence would only cause further delays.
R.V.: Last time I visited you it was you who caused delays in local resulting my losing train.
C.Q.: Delay in delivery MS has no connection with locals or trains but doubts as whether our association fair to both parties.
L. w. C.: Why such misgivings, unworthy of you when recall I discovered you and backed you from first.
L.D.: Have just had offer from TV to do feature on publishers I have met.

Jack Browning

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR: BY POSTCARD

O.A.: The characterisation of the heroine is unconvincing.
R.C.: I feel it is true to life.
Q.M.: Not life as I see it.
R.C.: Are you a good judge?
R.V.: My judgment has never been called in question.
C.Q.: Then what about Bloggs's *Eructations*, which you rejected and then became a best-seller?
L. w. C.: Bloggs never submitted it to my firm.
L.D.: Indeed! He has shown me your rejection slip.

Jacith

ARTIST AND ART CRITIC: BY POSTCARD

O.A.: I rather resent the way that you went for my "Poached eggs on toast" last week.
R.C.: Well, if you were nothing but a dilettante dauber I shouldn't have bothered; but a serious artist. . . .
Q.M.: Oh! but I've never set up as anything more than an elucidator of the obvious!
R.C.: The only thing obvious about "Poached eggs on toast" is its complete lack of lucidity.
R.V.: Easy to play about with words, isn't it? You should try manipulating a few recalcitrant oils.
C.Q.: Come off it! You don't have to be a hen to tell an addled egg!
L. w. C.: You had to say my thing wasn't related to any coherent social purpose, or you-know-who would have asked for your membership card.
L.D.: Prevaricating deviationist!

R. Hemington

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER: BY TELEGRAM

O.A.: Find article too long.
R.C.: Regret cannot shorten to less than 1,000 words.
Q.M.: Quality not quantity required.
R.C.: Find curious anomaly between theory and practice.
R.V.: You should worry.
C.Q.: I do.
L. w. C.: Article following. Regret unable to use at present.
L.D.: Received with thanks.

Eileen M. Haggitt

CHESS : Ladies First

No. 265

Whenever, in a "Readers' Own" week, I have the none too frequent pleasure of a lady's contribution it seems only natural to give it pride of place; the more so when it happens to come from a lady recognised as an International Master and five times lady champion of her country. Here then is a game in which Edith Keller trounced the great Rossolimo in the Dortmund tournament of 1951.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14) R-K1	P-QB3
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(15) Kt-B3	P-R5
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	(16) QR-Q1	Q-R4
(4)	P-K4	P-Q3	(17) Kt-B2	B-K4
(5)	P-KB3	O-O	(18) B-Q4	Kt(1)-K3
(6)	B-K3	P-K4	(19) B-K3	Q-Q1
(7)	KKt-K2	P x P	(20) B-B1	Q-R5
(8)	Kt x P	R-K1	(21) P-KKt3	Q-B3
(9)	B-K2	QKt-Q2	(22) B-Kt2	P-R6
(10)	O-O	P-QR4	(23) P-B4	B x Kt
(11)	Q-Q2	Kt-B4	(24) Q x B	Q x Q
(12)	KR-Q1	KKt-Q2	(25) P x Q	Kt-R5
(13)	Kt-Q5	Kt-B1	(26) R x P	Kt x QB?
(27)	P-KB5	P x P	(30) Kt-Q4	R x R ch
(28)	P x P	Kt-B1	(31) B x R	Kt x P
(29)	B-Q2	B x P	(32) Kt x B	

and White soon won; but (31) . . . Kt-K5. (32) Kt x B, Kt x R. (33) Kt x Kt would not have saved the French master either. Since both Edith Keller and her husband, Dr. L. Herrmann, are due at the Premier Reserves at Hastings, here is a position reached by Herrmann (White) at the recent German Championship where he was runner-up to Unzicker.

(19)	Q-R5!	B x P
(20)	R x B	Kt x R
(21)	P x P	Q-Q2
(22)	P x P	B x P
(23)	Kt-KKt5	P-KR3
(24)	Kt-K6	R x Kt
(25)	P x R	Q x KP
(26)	B x QKtP	R-KB1
(27)	B-K4	R-B3
(28)	K-R2	Q-Q2
(29)	B-Q2	K-R1
(30)	R-KKt1	Kt-B5
(31)	B-B1	Kt(5)-Q3
(32)	Kt-Q5	R-B1
(33)	R-Kt6	Q-KB2
(34)	B x P	B x B
(35)	R x B ch	Kt x R
(36)	Q x Ktch	K-Kt1
(37)	Kt-B6 ch	resigns

I am indebted to Bruce Hayden for this interesting position reached by N. A. Perkins (White) in the recent Scottish championship. After (37) Q x KP ch, K-R1 Perkins, in great time trouble, missed (38) Kt-Kt6 ch! P x Kt. (39) P x P ch, K x P. (40) Q-K5 ch, K-Kt1, (41) Q-R8 ch, K-B2. (42) R-R7 mate. What actually happened was (38) P x P ch, R x P, (39) R-QB2, Kt x P ch. (40) K-Q2, Q-R2. (41) R-B8 ch. Black here swopped rooks and lost a few moves later; but an even nicer might-have-been was (41) . . . R-KKt1. (42) Q-B6 ch, Q-Kt2. (43) Kt-Kt6(B7) mate.

A: C. H. O'D. Alexander 1947

The 4-pointer is a game position in which Britain's principal hope at Hastings (playing White) forced a most elegant win. I mustn't mention the opponent, so as not to make detection too easy. **B**, a neat 5-mover, may be too easy for 6 ladder-points, but it earns its author yet another well deserved chessbook-token. For **C**—White to win—I went outside our own circle. This is very tricky and may well be underrated with 7 points.

B: Leslie Hale 1954

C: G. N. Zachodjakin 1931

Usual prizes. Entries by November 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 262. Set October 9

A: (1) Q-B2? Q x P ch! (2) Q x Q, R x R, etc.
B: (1) K-R2, K-B4, (2) K-B3, K-K4, (3) P-Kt4, P x P, (4) K x P, K-K5, (5) P-R5, P-B4 ch, (6) K-R3!! P-B5, (7) P-R6, P-B6, (8) P-R7, P-B7, (9) K-Kt2, etc.
C: (1) Kt-K3, R-R7;* (2) K-Kt4, P-R6, (3) K-Kt3, R-QKt7, (4) Kt-Kt4! R-Kt6 ch, (5) K-R2, K-B2, (6) Kt-B2, R-Kt7, (7) K-Kt1, P-R7 ch, (8) K-R1, R x Kt, stalemate.

Many stumped by the subtlety of the "lost tempo" in **B**. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, M. M. Kennedy, R. Maynard, A. Schneider. In the 18th ladder-decade—a duodecade rather owing to my long absence—D. E. Cohen and J. R. Harman have totted up 744 and 716 points respectively since they started from scratch in October 1953 after the 14th decade. 3rd and 4th prizes to E. W. Carmichael (659) and to A. E. Harris (635) who were among the 9th and 13th decade winners respectively.

Assiac

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD.

ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

The Thirty-sixth Annual General Meeting was held on the 26th October, 1954. The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

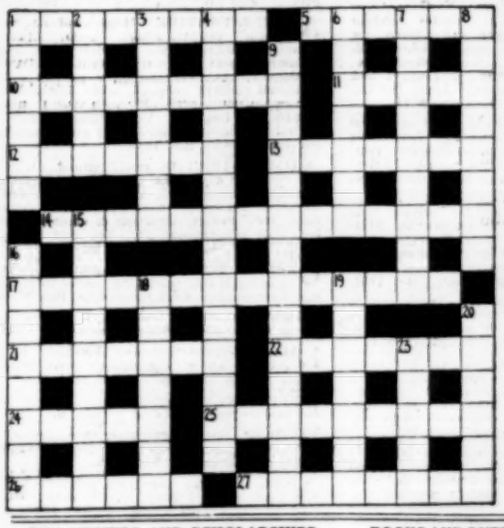
	Year Ended 31.3.54 £
Group Trading Profit	15,487,741
Less: Depreciation, Interest paid, Interests of Outside Shareholders of Subsidiaries, etc.	1,529,483
Group Net Profit—before Taxation	13,958,258
Less: Taxation (including £1,492,015 Excess Profits Levy)	9,197,490
Group Net Profit—after Taxation	£4,760,768
Appropriated as follows:	
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance, etc.	3,352,122
Preference Dividends, net	61,738
Ordinary Dividends, net	1,346,908
	£4,760,768
Preference Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax	77 times
Capital covered by net assets	14.9 times
Ordinary Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£4,081,539
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital	60% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital	209%
Group Net Current Assets	£31,075,503

Comparative Group Trading Profits

1950	1951	1952	1953	1954
£5,851,939	£8,116,368	£9,954,976	£11,388,271	£15,487,741

Week-end Crossword No. 124

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 124, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 9.



ACROSS

1. An area of Scotland which has a wise one in the estates (8).
5. Despicable fellow who keeps company with his protégé (6).
10. Those who are clever with words conduct court cases (9).
11. Odd creatures, but they have the correct number in digits (5).
12. A joke, but nevertheless a stroke in the right direction (7).
13. A learner uses water in the sand (7).
14. Shoe-trees? (14).
17. Start to cheer an airman and the cup provides entertainment for animals (14).
21. Where to find Germans and cattle-fodder (7).
22. What often occurs in a weather forecast for a quick cricket practice (7).
24. Actor who always appears in sex tragedies (5).
25. Herbert in shifting sandy country (9).
26. Vehicle for a tenor perhaps (6).
27. Paints small boats mainly (8).

DOWN

1. Wear these on your coat and they will break a spell (6).
2. "You will never find an Englishman in the — " (Shaw) (5).
3. Approaches welcome to girls without clothes on (7).
4. Cheating to get a return passage? (14).
6. Survive longer than others, but fail to carry one's bat? (7).
7. "To die will be an awfully big — " (Barrie) (9).
8. Vanish like red spies in hiding (8).
9. This player may make the B.A. tackle French (14).
15. Smithers always gets the bird (9).
16. Suite of rooms for a publisher (8).
18. With an appeal to the truth we command respect (7).
19. The parvenu has up the work of the pavement artist (7).
20. Foreign compositions? (6).
23. Below the town (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 122

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 122

A. R. D. Pugh (Stockport)
E. O. Seymour (London, S.W.1)
C. Gluckman (Jerusalem).

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

LEVERHULME Research Awards. Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. No subject of enquiry is excluded from consideration, but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision for research is inadequate. The duration of the awards does not normally extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss M. Branney, Leverhulme Research Awards, St. Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, E.C.4. Telephone City 1910. Applications must be received on or before December 31, 1954. Results will be announced in May and the awards will normally date from September 1, 1955.

BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1955 (March 15-December 15). Value Fellowship £450, Scholarship £382, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Send applications with testimonials from universities of applicants (twelve copies of each), by December 15, 1954, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archæology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS month's Penguins—"As I was Going Down Sackville Street"—Oliver St. John Gogarty, "Sybil"—Benjamin Disraeli, "Joseph Andrews"—Henry Fielding (2s. 6d. each). "The Hucksters,"—Frederick Wakeman, "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon"—Joseph Mitchell, "A View of the Harbour"—Elizabeth Taylor, "Collected Short Stories"—E. M. Forster (2s. each). Pelicans: "Guide to English Literature," "The Age of Chaucer"—Ed. Boris Ford, "Short History of French Literature"—Geoffrey Brereton (3s. 6d. each); Penguin Scores: Beethoven: Symphony No. 2 in D Major. Brahms: Violin Concerto in D Major (3s. 6d. each); King Penguin: "Misericords"—M. D. Anderson; Handbook: "The Game of Chess"—H. Golombek; Periodical: "New Biology 17." Complete list from Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers please write 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore.

W. SOMERSET Maugham on "Some Novelists I Have Known": the first of a series of brilliant pieces appears in the current issue of "Reader's Review." Order now from bookstalls, or 1s. 9d. post free from "Reader's Review," 140 Salisbury Square House, London, E.C.4.

BOMB Over Britain. A provoking discussion by Emrys Hughes, M.P., on the obsolescence of the Fighting Services. 32 pages. 1s. 1½d. post free. 8s. 6d. a dozen. Housmans, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, Reprint, R.U., review copies, in quantities vast or small; early Socialist books & pamphlets. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DUTT deals with Deakin in "The Stream and the Dam" and delves deeper into why Britain is "still in trouble" after fifty years of the Labour Party. In the November Labour Monthly, out next week. Order now. 1s. 6d. from all agents, or from N.N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

KHACHATURIAN & Oistrakh are visiting Britain. Read their articles in Music Bulletin, Vol. I, No. 3 & No. 4. Also (in No. 3) discussions on Shostakovich 10th Symphony. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8. 1s. 6d. each (post, &c., 3d.).

SOVIET Statistics. Important discussion reviewed by Ostrovityanov. Also European timber trade; social economy of collective farm; technical subjects in training economists. Social Sciences Bulletin, Vol. I, Nos. 2 & 3, 3s. (post, etc., 3d.), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

BERNAL on "Soviet Science To-day." Soviet Science Bulletin Vol. 1, No. 3. From S. C. R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops 1s. 6d. (post, etc. 3d.).

"CHESS": World Champion Botvinnik's commentary on 1954 Botvinnik-Smyslov championship match. Chess Bulletin, Vol. I, No. 3. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8. 1s. 6d. (post, &c., 3d.).

EHRENBURG & Simonov discuss Ehrenburg's new novel & its reviews. Also Surkov, &c., on "Sincerity in Literature." Writers Bulletin, Vol. I. Nos. 3/4 (double number). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. 3s. (post, &c., 3d.).

"LITTLE Lamb Who Eats Thee?" A challenging comment on human and animal relations in the current number of "The Farmer" (including "The Gardener" and incorporating "Wholefood.") Also "Stomachs to Spare"; "Even Pigs Don't Eat Rhubarb"; "Are You a Food Crank?" 2s. 6d. a copy, 10s. p.a. post free. Ed. by Newman Turner from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

SOVIET Colour film and the technicians—letter from M. Romm and others; colour film stock problems; scientific cinematography. Television problems; agricultural films; cartoons; notes & news: new productions. Film Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 3. 1s. 6d. (post, etc., 3d.), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

PROFESSOR Bernal writes on China in November "Literary Guide," now on sale, 1s. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE best book on Chairmanship—The "A.B.C. of Chairmanship," by Lord Citrine, formerly General Secretary of the T.U.C. Stiff boards by post 5s. 4d. Cloth-bound edition by post 7s. 4d. from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

THE Book Club for Serious Readers. Details: Germaine's (Dept. N.S.), 16 Lilliput Road, Romford.

SCHOOLS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Several scholarships, of values up to £100 per annum, are being offered to boys between the ages of 10½ & 12 seeking entry to Abbotsholme in Sept., 1955. Tests take place at the school during the Easter holidays. Further particulars may be obtained from the Headmaster. Postal address: Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. English refs. Prospectus.

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SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. Co-educational boarding school under Quaker management. One Entrance Scholarship, £50 per annum, open to boys age 11 to 13½ on December 1, 1955, for entry September, 1955. Awarded on examination to be held in March. Full details from Headmaster.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HAMPSTEAD. The luxuriously converted flats recently advertised as "for sale on 80 yr. lease, sound proof flooring, etc.," all found enthusiastic buyers. However, a foreign posting again makes available a fine 4-roomed flat with stylish decoration and all modern fittings, balcony and garden. Price £3,775, with £300 mortgage at 4% only. Total outgoings less than £6 p.w. for 20 years, and then only nominal. Box 1767.

EAST London, attract. dec. semi-det. corner house, overlooking Wanstead Park. 3 dbl. bed., 2 rec., garage. £3,250. WAN. 2156.

NEAR Richmond Hill, S/D. house modernised by architect. 5 bed., 3 sit., kit. & bath., pleasant garden, use garage. Vac. poss. Freehold £3,200. Ring RIC. 4414.

FOR Sale: London, N.20. Regency Cottage, 2 bed., 2 sit., k. & b. No garden, flower beds & w. boxes, access to fields. Freehold £2,750. Box 1875.

WELWYN Garden City. One of the best known contemporary post-war houses in England. On wooded site. 4 beds., large living room with 15ft. sliding folding window, kitchen, dining and children's playroom. Large garage, workshop, store. Fully central heated with floor heating downstairs and radiators upstairs. Beautifully equipped and decorated. Illustrated House & Garden, July, 1952, and Ideal Home, October, 1954. Gnd. rent £32 p.a. on 999 year lease. £6,000 o.n.o. Write to 44 Charlotte Street, London, W.1, or telephone Langham 5791.

COTSWOLDS: For sale, freehold cottage residence (3 bedrooms), in village between Chipping Norton and Moreton-in-Marsh. Full details from Box 1826.

RURAL Suffolk, 10 mls. Colchester & Ipswich, ¼ acre with fruit trees, very old tumbledown cottage. Architect's plans complete restoration, 4 rms. £500 f'hd. Box 1827.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Public Administration. The salary scale is £800 × £50—£1,050 p.a. plus, in the case of a married man only, a variable cost-of-living allowance which at present is £234 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. in S. Africa and London is Nov. 30, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Otago. Applications are invited for the Wm. Evans Visiting Professorship of the University of Otago. The Professorship is unrestricted as to subject, and can be held for an academic year, or for a portion thereof. Return air fare from the Professor's home to Dunedin and an emolument for maintenance expenses is provided. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the undersigned. Applications for the 1955 Visiting Professorship should be received by the Registrar, University of Otago, P.O. Box 56, Dunedin, New Zealand, by December 1, 1954. J. W. Hayward, Registrar.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer, £720-£890 (men); £625-£760 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer, £290 (at age 18) to £645 (men), £545 (women). Starting pay up to £520 (men) or £490 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/54.

PROVINCE of the Transvaal, South Africa —Primary and Secondary Schools. Any teachers, men or women, especially Science and Mathematics teachers, desiring to come to the Transvaal, South Africa, should write to the undersigned giving full details of age, education, qualifications, present post, and stating whether assisted passage is desired. Intending teacher immigrants will be sent an application form by the Transvaal Education Department, which on completion and return will be considered by the Department and if the necessary qualifications are in order the applicant will be offered a post with details of salary, etc. On acceptance by the teacher of the Department's offer, the English-speaking Schools Committee will pay him or her £93 to cover the cost of the passage from Southampton to Johannesburg—this amount is not repayable; further, the Transvaal Education Department will give a loan of £125 to married and £60 to unmarried teachers. In each case an additional loan will be available towards the cost of freight on personal effects above the weight allowed; these loans are repayable over the period of two years free of interest. All immigrants will be met at Cape-town and Johannesburg; in the latter city 2 weeks' free accommodation will be provided to enable teachers and/or their families to find suitable permanent accommodation. J. S. Fotheringham, Chairman, English-speaking High Schools Committee of the Transvaal, c/o King Edward VII School, Louis Botha Avenue, Yeovil, Johannesburg.

APPLICATIONS invited from experienced Welfare workers for Superintendency of working girls' Hostel in Essex (Greater London) and Norwich. Active and interesting posts. Apply in writing to Miss Dyson (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Television Producer (male) based in Manchester for work mainly in fields of Features and Documentaries, Sport and other outdoor events but also with knowledge of theatre and general entertainment world. Candidates must have had practical experience in Television production, in some branch of Sound Broadcasting or on the production side of Films or the Stage. Much of the work involves the use of mobile equipment away from base with considerable amount of travelling in the North. Salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,465 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing add. env. and quoting ref. "504 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited from men and women possessing the Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science qualification for the post of Senior Children's Visiting Officer at the Mansfield Area Office. Preference will be given to persons with at least two years' comprehensive experience of the field work of a Children's Department. Salary within scale £580 × £15 to £625 per annum. The duties will include boarding out, after-care, court, adoption and family investigation work, and co-ordination of work in the district concerning neglected children. Interest in preventive work desirable. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned as soon as possible. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) with responsibility for History and General papers will be filled by interview in November. Age at least 25 on September 1, 1954. Qualifications: Degree, preferably with first class honours, in or including History. Good university or school teaching experience desirable; examining experience an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing. Starting salary up to £1,241 (men), £1,129 (women), according to experience, rising to £1,565 (men), £1,393 (women). Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4385/54. Application forms to be returned by November 8, 1954.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations for interviews. This permanent post in London is now re-advertised. Starting salary up to £1,241 (men), £1,129 (women) according to experience and present salary, rising to £1,565 (men), £1,393 (women). Age at least 25 on September 1, 1954. Degree, preferably with first class honours, and preferably experience in teaching or administration. The duties are mainly administrative work on recruitment by interview, with some examination work. Application forms and full details from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1 (quote 4370X/54). Closing date November 8, 1954.

LIVERPOOL University Settlement. Residential Sub-Warden, man or woman, required as soon as possible to organise the Windsor Junior Boys' Club, an experimental venture of considerable interest, and to assist in general Settlement work. Social science training a recommendation. Commencing salary £450 or according to qualifications, plus superannuation. Applications giving three referees to The Warden, University Settlement, Nile St., Liverpool, 1.

A MANUFACTURING company in Yorkshire with 3,000 members, a firm belief in the importance of good industrial relations, and what the board think is a reasonably enlightened personnel policy, wish to appoint a successor to their Personnel Supervisor to continue and develop that policy. Experience of a similar kind will be an advantage, but character and personality are the essential requirements for this appointment. Applications, giving full details of education, experience and present salary, should be addressed to the General Manager, Box 1715, and marked "Confidential."

WANTED by International Organization, Radio Producer-Writer. To write, produce and distribute throughout the world written and recorded materials explaining its aims and work. Must have broad technical knowledge and extensive experience in production and presentation of informational material through live and recorded radio programmes. English mother tongue and working knowledge of either French or Spanish. Starting salary $6,000/£2,000 nett. Closing date for applic. Nov. 13. Apply Box 1941.

DRIVER Projectionist required for mobile 16-mm. cinema unit. Applicants must have thorough knowledge of Greater London and be able to work with minimum of supervision. Wages at present £9 5s per week. Good conditions of work. Superannuation fund, holidays with pay. Apply, in writing, giving full details of experience, age, etc., to Educ. Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 34 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

ORGANISER: Married woman, wanted for part-time social work in N.W. England; able to travel easily; some evening work. Age, education & exp. marked "A.O." Family Planning Assn., 64 Sloane St. London S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ARTISTS required for children's books—Colour and Black and White. Experience and a high standard of proficiency essential. Write, enclosing specimens of art work to: Art Dept., Hamilton & Co. (Stafford), Ltd., 30-32 Lancelot Place, Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply P.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

CASEWORKER required, Guild of Social Service, London Suburb. Interesting Social Work. Experienced interviewer, visiting, typist, office work. Pref. own car. Salary £300 plus Car Allowance. Write details age, experience. Box 1944.

WANTED cook/warden for private male hostel for displaced persons in Midlands. Single man or married couple may apply. Applicants must have experience with initiative and humanitarian interest. State salary reqd. and send full details. Box 1702.

ASSISTANT solicitor, well experienced in probate & conveyancing, required. Write stating age, experience & salary reqd. Box 274, Erwoods, Ltd., 211, Piccadilly, W.1.

STEVENAGE Museum requires temporary part-time assistant immediately. £3 a week with rent free accommodation. Applications to the Museum, London Rd., Stevenage, should state qualifics. & reasons for applying.

EXPERIENCED Secretary (English mother-tongue) wanted for interesting work in international organisation, Geneva. Good general education, fluent French, first-class English and French shorthand-typing required. Age 30 to 35. Commencing salary £700-£800, according to qualifications. Applications, with full details of experience and qualifications, to Box 1895.

NATIONAL Union of Students require Assistant Secretary to assist with office administration and Grants and Welfare Dept. Administrative experience essential, degree and knowledge of education system an advantage. Salary £375 × £25 to £550. Closing date November 15, 1954. Application form and further details from General Secretary, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors needs (1) full-time shorthand-typist, 5-day week, 9.30 to 5.30, commencing at £6 10s. p.w.; (2) part-time clerical help, hours by arrangement. Apply to the Secretary, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-typist for work including interesting outside research; no Saturdays. Box 1949.

NATIONAL Union of Students req. shorthand-typists with good speeds. Full/part-time. Interesting work. Apply in writing Gen. Sec., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

NATURALISED Austrian (44) running established puppet theatre reqs. sole young assistant, m. or f., assets: wide vocal range, sh./typing, expd. driver, comms. salary £8 p.w. plus free board & lodging, caravan accomm. Fullest details Box 1984.

WANTED, housekeeper for professional couple, two school-going children. Mother with child welcomed. Yorkshire. Box 1980.

COOK/Housekeeper wanted by small social service organisation Kensington. Weekends free. 4 wks.' annual leave. Resident pref. Salary by arrangement. Box 1925.

AGENTS with contact (A) Advertising novelties, (B) Buckles, etc., ladies' belt trade, (C) Drawing instruments. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

WEST End Art Gallery needs girl assistant, some typing. REG. 7976.

TRAVELLING Theatre visiting schools requires young Actor, wide vocal range, experienced driver essential. Box 1953.

EDUCATED Englishwomen are offered a good choice of worthwhile secretarial posts, some with languages. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

SMALL Travelling Theatre, visiting schools, requires efficient shorthand typist, good speeds. Fullest details Box 1988.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

PART-time shorthand/typist required by voluntary social work agency nr. Angel, Islington. Tel. TER. 0287.

EXPERIENCED Assistant with knowledge of typing required for small Antique Shop. Green, 27 Pembridge Road, W.11.

YOUNG lady under 22 wanted for responsible post in busy W. London 2ndhand bookshop. Typing, no shorthand. 9.30-5.30. Sat. half-day. Comm. salary £260 rising to £338. Refs. rqd. Box 1777.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG coloured-American (22) sks. useful employment on Continent. Preferably in voluntary organization but anything acceptable. Opportunity to learn language main remuneration. Box 1876.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MARRIED couple seek joint post. Wide experience institutional and hostel administration, social reconstruction, household management, catering. International interests, personal contacts with all kinds of people. Box 1775.

ADMINISTRATIVE. Hons. graduate, ex-officer, public school, under thirty; organising ability, exper. in adult educ. and personnel work; and in script-writing for, and participation in, broadcasting; at present with industrial concern overseas; seeks administrative opportunity, preferably with view to permanency, in England. Very willing to undergo trainee course. Available (3 mths. notice) any time, 1955. Box 1859.

ADMINISTRATOR, public school, 43, exceptional exp. senior posts United Nations Agencies Europe, Nr. East, top-level gen. administ. personnel techniques, public relations, staff welfare, direction & co-ordination lge. scale programmes, etc., sks. post home/abroad. Mod. sal., prospects. Box 1807.

OXFORD B.A. (Hons. French '53), 24, joining B.B.C. early '55, seeks interesting, remunerative work meanwhile. Box 1796.

YNG man violinist studying B.Mus. reqs p/t. day work. Suggestions? Box 1908.

LADY Barrister first-class honours, Law degree, admin. experience, seeks interesting & responsible post. Box 1898.

EXPERIENCED medical secretary seeks interesting post. Good speeds. Box 1987.

WIDOW, now as temporary cook, requires a permanent responsible post in vegetarian establishment. Box 1606.

ANNE, 23, seeks interesting well-paid post. Univ. educ., French, secretl. Exps. various; all suggestions welcome. Box 1958.

ANY suggestions? Part/whole time job London/Surrey in social welfare, teaching or other fields sought by woman grad (30s), Social Studies Dip., sound knowledge Psychology, social work exp., fluent French, now taking Montessori evg. crse. Box 1990.

SECRETARY, first-class shorthand and typing, literary and newspaper experience, free now to assist writers, M.P.s. Own typewriter. References. Box 1797.

PART-Time or temporary work reqd. by adaptable ex-receptionist of Bus. Systems Co. (11 years). MAI. 2508 or Box 1972.

IMPECUNIOUS school-teacher (male) (N. London) desires any kind of evening work. Box 1751.

VERSATILE young man seeks evening or week-end work. Central London or as offered. Anything considered. Box 1891.

CITY Secretary would do typing/shorthand evgs. and/or weekends. Box 1841.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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SMALL comfortable guest house, cosy bed-sitting rooms with lunch & dinner for perm. guests. Perfect countryside, secluded garden, suntrap corners. Restful holiday at Todmans, Goudhurst, Kent. Goudhurst 212.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food, warmth, every comf. & conven. Ideal for Autumn/Winter holidays. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 8gns. Sept., 22s. 6d. day.

WINTER warmth! Rest and comfort in "Britain's Best Climate" (town claim). Informative brochures free (21 illus.). Congenial private hotel, rec. by readers, 4½/7gns., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, heating in bedrm. (cen. heating everywhere) when weather cold. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands, 2 comfortable lounges. Meat or vegetarian. Convalescents welcome (breakfast in bed). Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best South pos. centre 3-mile Prom. Between Pier and Sun-Lounge Orchestra. Opp. covrd. walk. Tel. Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accomm. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1, Island Rd.

A QUIET weekend in comf. country house. 1½ hrs. Charing Cross. Central Heating. Log fires. 25s. daily. Justins, Bodiam, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Staplecross 228.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

HUNGARIAN Club Restaurant: A good meal in pleasant atmosphere. Famous national dishes at reasonable prices. Open every night except Mondays. (Members & Guests.) Parties catered for · 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. BAY. 0273

LECTURES etc.—cont. from p. 564

COME. Listen, Speak. Public debate: "No Confidence in H.M. Government." 7.30 p.m., November 3. The Polytechnic Parliament, 309 Regent Street, W.1.

BULGARIA. Report back meeting. Speaker Ronald Quick. Friends Centre, 32 Tavistock Square, Friday, November 5, 7.30 p.m. Holiday Friendship Service.

WORLD Security. British Congress. St. Pancras Town Hall, London, October 31. Open to organisations and individuals. Details from British Peace Committee, 81 City Rd., E.C.1 (CLE. 0383), or at door.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Public Lectures. Eating and Drinking. The Story of Food. By Miss Gladys Scott Thomson, M.A., F.S.A. Tuesdays at 7 p.m., November 2 and 9. Admission free. November 2: 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue: J. B. Coates, Basil Druitt and Bruce Wavell on "Does God make sense?" Conway Hall, Thurs., Nov. 4, 7.30 p.m.

SOVIET Scientific Training & Research. Academicians Ambartsumyan & Dubinin. Thursday, Nov. 4, 7.30 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Question & Answer. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.)

SOVIET Literature in Review, 1934-54. Writer, Leonid Leonov. Fri. Nov. 5, 7.30, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Question & Answer. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & studs. 2s.)

DONALD Ford: "Social Action and Local Government." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W.8. Sun., Oct. 31, 7 p.m.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. Oct. 31: "Reincarnation."

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Nov. 3. Dr. Cecil Roth on "The Influence of the French Revolution on European Jewry." Horse Shoe Hotel, W.1 (next Dominion Theatre). 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public Meeting Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, Thursday, November 4, 7.30 p.m. Subject: "Marxism is Still Valid."

THE Buddhist Society. Special Public Meeting Caxton Hall, S.W.1., Wed., Nov. 3, 6.30. "Thirty Years of Buddhism in England": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

WELFARE Crusade against Loneliness, etc.: interesting & stimulating talks, general discussion and refreshments at 8 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 10a Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, W.2. Come and take part.

FORUM Club, 32 Percy St., W.1. Saturdays—Socials; Sundays—Open Forum, &c. Left-Wingers please note. Enqs. to Sec.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Residential Courses at Westham House, near Warwick. French Week-end Nov. 26-28. French Week, Dec. 29-Jan. 5. Details: Extra-Mural Dept., Univ., Edmund St., Birmingham.

SPECULATIVE Discussions: The Individual in the Twentieth Century. November 16-18, 1954. Residential course at the Somerset College for Adult Education. Inclusive fee £2 2s. Particulars from the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

INSTITUTE of Almoners. There are still vacancies in the course of training starting early in 1955. Bursaries are now available from public funds to assist selected students with the cost of professional training for medical social work. Enquiries will be welcomed from candidates who hold a recognised University qualification in social studies, and should be addressed to the Secretary, Institute of Almoners, 42 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

THE Mentor for Languages, English and Foreign. Tuition all grades by Conversation; low fees, pay as you learn; enrolments daily 1-9.30 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA. 2044.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 4657.

FRENCH classes by highly qualified teachers; English for foreigners, day or evening; call or phone Ashley College School of Languages, 47 Gerrard St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1 (GER. 8782).

POSTAL tuition for General Certificate of Educn. (all examining bodies) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

MODERN, creative Ballet develops body & mind. Amat. classes for men, women, children. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd., Regent's Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four lectures on "The Cuckoo's Egg or The Necessity of Rhetoric," will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Richard Hughes, Esq., O.B.E., on Mon.-Thurs.—Nov. 1 to 4. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

LOCAL Government To-day—five weekly lectures by local councillors and officials beginning Nov. 2, 6.30, at the Fawcett Society, 50 Tufton St., Westminster. 10s. the course. Details on applin.: ABBey 1541.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EVENING classes in drawing and painting in congenial surroundings at the Byam Shaw School of Art, Campden Street, off Church Street, Kensington, W.8. (Park 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual teaching from the model, still-life, flowers, etc.: Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Apply to the Secretary for particulars.

PORTRAIT Painting & Figure Drawing: Dec. 3 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Hungarian Week-end."

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

COURSES of Study. Founded in 1887. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate, London Univ. Degrees, Professional Prelim., Law, etc. Low fees; instalments. Pros. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

RESEARCH Communications 5: incl. J. N. Glaister on "Mental Metabolism." Full details from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

GREGG Shorthand/Typewriting 1 mth. Intensive Courses. Frances King Secrtl. School, 1a Harrington Rd. S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is a School of Self-Management not a clinic. We teach people to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and muscular and nervous tension which undermine both mental and physical well-being. Particulars from the Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

LEARN the recorder. An effective introduction to a large repertoire of music. Piano and theory lessons also given. John Beckett, 35 S. Hill Pk., N.W.3. HAM. 8286.

PERSONAL

WOULD any prof. woman/sm. household with children appreciate help of educ. responsible woman, 55, active. Good cook. Pleas. room essen. Cen. London. SHE. 5658

A FEW vacancies for children of all ages at large converted Kent country house. Qualified staff already providing child care and transport to local schools for twelve children of resident families. Accommodation for visiting parents. Apply Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel. 3221.

REQUIRED by two young married architects, site with character for a house near Harpenden about half or two-thirds of an acre, walled kitchen garden, orchard or part of an existing house ideal. Write Box 12798, c/o Whites, Ltd., 72-78 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

JEWISH parents of progressive outlook in Richmond/East Sheen interested in joining with others to provide instruction in Modern Hebrew & Jewish religion for their children aged 7+ are invited to telephone Mrs. D. T. Caminer at PROspect 2710.

CO-OPERATIVE Youth Centres offer facilities for Summer Schools at three residential centres in Cumberland, Derbyshire and Sussex. Full particulars from the Secretary, Dalston Hall, near Carlisle.

CLASSES in Drawing and Painting (Realist Tradition) 3s. 6d. 6-30-10 p.m. 374 Gray's Inn Road, Kings Cross. Every night ex. Suns. Enquiries, Box 1882.

WOMAN painter would like to share another's working studio with separate, simple, sleeping acc. Share reasonable expenses. Serious worker. Contemporary outlook. No teachers. Must be centre London or Paris. Bank refs., etc. Box 1865.

OLD Professor would house, tend, insure a baby grand, to gratefully. Exc. refs. 6 Forest Lodge, Dartmouth Rd., S.E.23.

PERSONAL—continued

TO let for winter months in the mild climate of Locarno-Orselina, well-furn. flat with every modern convenience, gd. heating, sheltered balconies, superb view, £10 per month. Reiser, 2 Bleulerstr., Zurich 8, Switzerland.

MUSIC composition lessons (advanced) reqd. Must be excellent pianist; very advanced student might suit. Box 2089.

PRIVATE French lessons from Belgian girl. Mornings except Sats. Box 2052.

PROF. couple offer good home and pocket money to foreign yng. lady in exch. help with light hswork & baby-sitting. Selig. Flat 5, 4 Muswell Ave., N.10. TUD. 8885.

LADY requires interesting social work in London, 1/2 days a week. Box 1800.

STATUETTES of children made from your snapshots. Sgle. 3-4in high £3. Box 1799.

A PIECE of your large garden wanted. Young designer wishes to build tiny house, preferably within ½-hour Waterloo. Only £200 available for site. Box 1815.

ARE any Cambridge women worried about Horror Comics, German Rearmament, &c? Write Sec., Cambridge Assembly Women, Papermills, Newmarket Rd., Cambridge.

HP. facilities available for the purchase of cars between private individuals. Selig. 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD. 9961.

YOUNG lady teaches French privately. Moderate terms. Greaves, 3 Fursecroft, George St., W.1. AMB. 4686.

STUDIO Lecture Room near Dorchester Hotel available for evening meetings. Seat 20. Tape recorder. Also office desk with service, day or evening. GRO. 7993.

ITALIAN Conversation lessons given by Italian; eves & wk-ends. Pure Siennese accent. MUS. 4851, 12-2 p.m. pref.

GD. home & pocket-money offered, exch. some help, babysitting. SPE. 6055.

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WELL-travelled cultured lady offers services as companion-chauffeuse-chaperon in exchange for passage Britain-U.S.A. Continental tour considered. Box 1695.

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ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per min. All langs. Test less 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3d. to 1s. 6d. Call at The Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

AUSTRIA or Italy. Dec. 18 or 27, party-trav., short crossing 2 wks. from £25 15s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr. W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTERSPORTS Enthusiasts and members of "Erna Low" parties are invited to a Show of wintersports films and Reunion Party, November 5, 6.30 p.m., De Vere Hotel See Entertainments column for details. Wintersports literature and tickets (entrance free to Film Show) from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

BLIND university graduate seeks kind educated persons to help with reading English or foreign language, or both. Same seeks gentle person to make home with. Answers gladly received: Miss Ambroze, B.A., College Hall, Malet Street, W.C.1.

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SUMMER, 1955. Would readers interested in "off-season-holidays" by air write to E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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CREATIVE Writing (Theatre): Nov. 26 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also "Planning for Retirement."

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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VINCE invites friends to his new Men's Shop where his latest range of Italian style sweaters and shirts, black jeans, camel hair casual jackets, nylon underbriefs, etc., are available. If you cannot call personally, illustrated catalogue will be sent on request. Vince, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GERrard 3730.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money. Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs. exch. Send s.a.e Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

PHYLLIS Perlow, Psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

STOLL. HOL. 3703. To Nov. 13 only. 8. S. 2.30. Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Arc." Directed Rossellini. 3s. 6d.-30s.

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 (Sun. Discn. 7.45). The Cruel Daughters, Balzac.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days 5.0 & 8.0. "Saint Joan." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

OPERA Circle, Edward Downes introduces Offenbach's Tales of Hoffman with members of Covent Garden cast. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., Oct. 31, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 7513.

CELEBRATION. 37th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R., Opening of British-Soviet Friendship Month. Empress Hall, Earls Court, 7 p.m., Sat., Nov. 6. H.E. the Soviet Ambassador speaks, with Khachaturian, composer, and Mme. Novikova, Chairman, Soviet Consumer Goods Workers Trade Union. Chairman: John Platts-Mills. Pat Sloan, Robert Cotton. Soviet artists perform: David Oistrakh, world-famous violinist; Struchkova and Lapsuri, Galetskaya and Kamaledinov, ballet soloists from Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow; Mavayeva, folk dancer from Tashkent, accompanied by Barayev (who visited England last year) on the buben; Shubin and Shubina, acrobats; Meshcheriakov, juggler. Medvedev's Estrada Orchestra. Tkts. 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from British Soviet F'ship. Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% disc. for parties 10 plus.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Maxim Gorki Trilogy repeated. Until Oct. 31: "My Universities" (A). From Nov. 1: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Oct. 30. June Allyson, Peter Lawford in "Good News" (U) 2.30, 4.30, 6.30. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 31, 7.30. "Coiffeur pour Dames." X. France.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Oct. 30, 7.15. "Storm Over Asia."

WINTERSPORTS Film Show followed by Travel Forum and social gathering of Wintersports Enthusiasts, November 5, 6.30 p.m., De Vere Hotel, Kensington Rd., W.8. Entrance to Film Show free. Buffet (optional) 7s. Tickets from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KENsington 0911.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Sat., Oct. 30, 7.30-11. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. Adm. 4s. 6d.

HYPHEN. Annual Ball. Informal sociable; All welc. We are mostly continental Jewish & 21-35 yrs. Sat., Oct. 30, 7 p.m. Regal, 765 Finchley Rd., N.W.11. Adm. 6s.

I.C.A., Dancing to Sidney Gold and his Orchestra, Saturday, October 30, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room. Sun., Oct. 31, at 7.45 p.m. Apollo Society Recital of Poetry and Music. Claire Bloom, John Laurie, Joan Davies (piano), WATerloo 3191.

EIGHTEENTH-Century Music. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Oct. 30, at 8.15 p.m. Works by Quantz, Scarlatti, Telemann, Sammartini & Bach. WATerloo 3191 & Agts.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall (opp. Belsize Pk. Stn.). Tues., Nov. 2, at 8.15. René Soames, Henry Bronkhurst, Hirsch Quartet. Prog. includes Mozart Quartet in D, K. 575, Vaughan Williams "On Wenlock Edge," and Dvorak Piano Quintet. Adm. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. & 3s. 6d.

CHELSEA Town Hall, Tues. next, Nov. 2 at 8. Leonard Friedman Vln., Benjamin Kaplan Pf. Sonatas in E Handel, A (Kreutzer) Beethoven, F Mozart, G Brahms.

CECILE Dolmetsch, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sat. Nov. 6, 6.30. Tkts. Chappells, New Bond St. MAY. 1177.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concerts on Wednesday evenings 7.45 p.m. Nov. 3: Medieval Minstrels' Music. Music of the 13th and 14th centuries, performed by members of the London Medieval Group. Elena Polonska, minstrel's harp, with Gerald English, tenor: Marylin Wailes, recorder: Joan Rimmer, psaltery and portative organ: Shirley Todd, fiddle: Francis Baines, hurdy-gurdy: Anthony Baines, shawm and pipe and tabor. Nov. 10: Wind Chamber Music on original 18th century instruments. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator.

THE Saltire Singers of Edinburgh directed by Hans Oppenheim. Madrigals and Sacred Music. Monday, Nov. 1, 8 p.m. Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Sun., Oct. 31, at 8.30, Farewell Recital Lucia Salles Penteado, Brazilian Pianist. (Bach, Chopin & Brazilian composers.) Tel. PAR. 7379. 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS—continued

BRITTEN'S Rejoice in the Lamb: Bach's Cantata No. 11: and works by Schütz and Buxtehude (sung by Peter Pears) and Vaughan Williams. Boyd Neel Orchestra; Hampstead Choral Society (cond. Martindale Sidwell). Sat., Nov. 6, at 8 p.m., in Hampstead Parish Church. Programmes 5s. & 3s. 6d. from 74 High St., N.W.3, or at door.

REIZENSTEIN. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall, Wednesday, November 3, at 7.30. Works by Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Bizet, Chopin, and 1st performance of Four Preludes & Fugues by Reizenstein. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

OISTRAKH David, Wed., Nov. 10, 7.30 p.m. Royal Albert Hall, The Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. presents for the first time in this country a recital by the great Russian Violinist, Accompanist V. Yampolsky. Tickets 21s., 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual agents

SOIREE Offenbach. Wigmore Hall, Weds., Nov. 10 at 7.30. A repeat of the Edinburgh Festival programme with Liliane Berton, Raymond Amade, Bernard Lefort and Germaine Tailleferre, introduced by the Earl of Harewood. (81 ème Concert de Musique Française.) Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall. WEL. 2141.

ASIAN Music Circle. Music of Japan; recital, talk and sound films. Joint meeting with Indian Students' Union at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square (off Tot. Ct. Rd.), Sat., Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Mem. 1s. 6d., nonmem. 2s. 6d. Further inf. from Sec., 18, Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel.: FINchley 2934.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibitions: Pinchus Kremegne; Bryan Kneale. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes November 6.

ABBE Breuil. Exhibition of drawings of Palaeolithic cave art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 13. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. (Closed Mon., Nov. 8.)

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries; Fabric Collages with some stained glass by Margaret Kaye.

TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle, the contemporary broadsheet showing with XVIIIth & XIXth century predecessors. Hungerford Bridge Arch, by Festival Hall, Tues. & Sat., 3-6, Thurs. 6-9.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Tschelitschew Paintings and Drawings till November 20.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting and Sculpture, 1954. Last three days: Friday & Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

SOVIET Books & Journals. Art, Science, Literature, Children's books in Russian & English; Library Editions, fine printing & binding. Collet's Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily (no Suns.) 11-6.30, Nov. 2-Dec. 30. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collages & Paintings by J. D. H. Catleugh and James Hull; Watercolours by Redvers Taylor.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

EDGARD Tytgat, paintings First Exhibition in England. Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Frank Dobson Exhib. and recent pictures by Anthony Gross. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ed. Bawden, Carel Weight, John O'Connor. Oct. 20-Nov. 11. 10-6 inc. Sats. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2.

SUSSEX Crafts. Exhibition of Pottery, Basketware, Handwoven Fabrics, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Patrick Hayman. 11-5.30.

NEW English Art Club: R. B. A. Galls., Pall Mall East, S.W.1. 10-5 inc. Sats. 1s.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. Exhib. Fritz Krämer. Weekdays, 11-7, Sat. 11-5. Oct. 26-Nov. 9.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Gaudier-Brzeska, Drawings & Sculpture. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROBERT Lutyens: First Exhibition, at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until November 11.

"UNDER the Spell of the East." A fascinating exhibition of paintings by William Gall, A.R.C.A. The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3 (between Heath St. & High St.). 10-5.30 (Thurs. 10-1).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NATIONAL Book League Lectures and Entertainments in November. Wednesday, 3rd, Literary Quiz, Mrs. Yeo's Team v. Daniel George's Team, quizmaster, W. B. Stevenson, 7.30 p.m., members 1s. 3d., non-members 2s. 3d. (including coffee). Tuesday, 9th, Miss Irene Babbidge on "Working in a French Bookshop," chairman, Basil Blackwell, 6 p.m., members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments). Wednesday, 10th, Professor J. Isaacs on "Smollett," chairman, Lady Mander, 7.30 p.m., members 1s., non-members 2s. Wednesday, 24th, Fork Lunch to meet Marghanita Laski, chairman Annesley Voysey, 12.30 p.m., members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. (including refreshments). Tuesday, 30th, Design Forum, speakers, R. B. Fishenden and Herbert Simon, chairman, Charles Ede, 6 p.m., members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments).

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Friday, October 29, 8.15 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W.1. Recital for prepared piano by David Tudor. Introduced by John Cage. Programme: Bottle Piece by Stefan Wolpe; Extensions 3 by Morton Feldman, Water Music by John Cage, Music for Piano 4 thru 19 by John Cage, Perspectives by Earle Brown, For Prepared Piano, 4 pieces by Christian Wolff. Members free, non-members 5s. Friday, November 5, 8.15 p.m. Fourth in series of six illustrated lectures on Outlines of Jazz. Harlem Jazz—Ellington and the 1930's by Charles Fox. Chair: David Sylvester. Single seats 2s. 6d. Guests 3s. 6d. Seminar: Books and the Modern Movement II, Robert Melville on "Picasso," by Gertrude Stein. Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d. Membership invited.

SIR John Pratt will speak on "China & The Far East" on Tuesday, November 2, at 8.30 p.m. at the Princess of Wales, Abbey/Belsize Roads, N.W.8. (Buses 59, 31.) L.P. members and friends welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Fred Willey: "Blackpool and Scarborough Compared." Wed., November 3, 7.30. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"CANAANITE Palestine and the Patriarchs." Lecture by Miss K. M. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt., F.S.A. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P. At the Beveridge Hall, Senate House, W.C.1, on Wednesday, November 3, 1954, at 6 p.m. Admission free: invitations from The Secretary, "From the Land of the Bible," 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Friday, November 5. Review of Transaction 17 "History of Fireworks in India 1400-1900 A.D." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled "Wages," will be given by Professor Sir Dennis Robertson (Cambridge), at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Sir Godfrey Ince. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Four Years of Legal Aid" will be given by Sir Sydney Littlewood, at 5 p.m., on November 8, at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Television and the Law of Copyright" will be given by Mr. A. Goodman, at 5 p.m. on November 1 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1)—Communication Research Centre. Mr. David Thomas will give a public lecture entitled "Communication & Typography," on Tues., Nov. 9 at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1), Lunch Hour Lecture on Tuesday, November 2 (1.15-2 p.m.), Professor A. J. Ayer will lecture on "A Visit to Pekin and Moscow," and not on "Philosophical Scepticism" as previously announced. Admission free, without ticket.

BLACKETT on Military Power and External Policy—Fabian Autumn Lecture, November 2, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Other speakers in series: J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams. Details 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SWEDISH Folk Songs; song illustrations. Lect. by Prof. D. Strömback, Uppsala Univ., Swedish Hall, 11 Harcourt St., Marylebone Rd. Wed. Nov. 3, 8 p.m. Free.

JAMES Laver on "The Meaning of Fashion," arr. by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Mon., Nov. 1. 8.15. Non-members 1s.

"THE Novel in Modern Life," Doris Lessing, well-known author & winner of the Somerset Maugham Award 1954. Tues., Nov. 2. 8 p.m. 107 Cheyne Walk, S.W.10. Admission 1s. Chelsea B.S.F.S.

SHAW Society: "Shaw & Wagner," by Audrey Williamson; Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., Fri., Nov. 5, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. Enquiries and "Shavian": 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov 2, Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "Social Differences in English Sports and Games." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Oct. 29, Mrs. Marianne Jacoby "Handwriting Psychology." Friday, Nov. 5. Speaker to be announced at meeting. "The Political Situation in Austria." Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club. Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Nov. 6, 6 p.m. Jean de Lafforest: Le "Guy Fawkes français." Geoffrey de la Forest, dit la Renaudie.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Friday, Oct. 29, 8 p.m. Dr. Ida Fisher (member of the Medical delegation which visited the Soviet Union in September, 1954), "The Soviet Union as I Saw It" (coloured film).

"ISRAEL'S Defence Army" speaker Major M. Sharon, Asst. Mil. Attaché Israel Embassy. N. London Young Poale Zion. Tuesday, Nov. 2, 8.15 p.m. at Labour Rooms, 40 Stamford Hill, N.16.

"SOURCES of Information on Commonwealth Resources." Lecture by A. R. Hewitt. N.W. Polytechnic, Kentish Town. Mon., Nov. 1, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Ltd., Members' Sectional Meetings, Nov. 2, 3 and 4, in 38 local districts. Watch for details on posters at your local L.C.S. shops.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Oct. 31, Royston Pike, "The Mystery of Joanna Southcott." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

EASTERN Methods of Mind Control. Sat., Oct. 30, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 11.30 a.m. The Conquest of Worry, 1.15 p.m. The Release of Inner Tension, 2.30 Meditation in a Scientific Age, 4 Yoga and Zen, 5.30 Gods and Devils in the Mind, 8. Hari Prasad Shastri on The Yoga of Meditation (Chairman: Prof. H. H. Price). Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11. Adm. free.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Nov. 2: Om, the Word of Power. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. on p. 563

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